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"'76."—FROM A PICTURE BY GEORGE W. MAYNARD, IN MEMORIAL HALL, PHILADELPHIA.—[SEE PAGE 574.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY
FOR THE
PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN
AND
THE CENTENNIAL.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JULY 15, 1876.

☞ *The* ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *contains a double-page Fourth of July picture by* THOMAS WORTH, *a series of sketches of the "Old-time New England Farm-House" at the Centennial, and an interesting Fourth of July story.*

An illustrated SUPPLEMENT *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

1776–1876.

THE whole year has been so much of a Fourth of July in its proud and exulting feeling that the return of the very day itself seems already to have been partly celebrated. But the emotion with which it is greeted must still be exceptional and immense. That little assembly of brave and patriotic men in the Philadelphia hall will be the chief figure in the national imagination on this day, and gratitude for their indomitable courage will be the inspiration of the hour. The celebration upon the very spot consecrated by the great event of a hundred years ago can not fail to be as touching as it will be imposing. And the whole land will chime and sing and shout with the fullness of a great joy. The President has wisely recommended a universal observance of the day. In every city and town and village, in every American home and heart wherever it may be, the day will be fervently and gratefully honored.

The act which it commemorates grew naturally out of the character and training of the race from which our fathers chiefly sprang. The Declaration of Independence was the offspring of Magna Charta, and Magna Charta grew in the old Teutonic traditions from which English political civilization emerged. There is nothing in English history more English than the American Declaration of Independence. New England defended old England against herself; and SAM ADAMS and JAMES OTIS and PATRICK HENRY were more English than the entire English ministry. The Declaration was but an extension of that assertion of individual independence which is instinctive in the English race. It can stand alone and go alone; and it will stand and go alone. The proof is America and England. And this anniversary shows what the political genius of a race has accomplished in a century.

The day's celebration will, we hope, add much to our historical material. It is a day on which every community, especially those that can go back to the Revolutionary epoch, will feel its own importance, and gladly recount its own history. And every where the one great lesson will be enforced, that it was fidelity to an idea, loyalty to a sentiment, trust in human nature and in the general intelligence and good sense, which founded the nation and has made it what this day beholds.

THE DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATES.

THAT Mr. TILDEN was the only Democrat whose nomination could give his party even the hope of a respectable contest, is the most fatal comment upon the St. Louis nomination. There really is no other man in the Democratic party whose nomination, as against that of Governor HAYES, would not have been absurd. This shows how entirely groundless is the claim of the Democratic to be a reform party. This is not a government of men, but of laws and parties, and the significance of a nomination is to be sought in those upon whom the responsibility rests. Mr. TILDEN himself is a most adroit politician. The essential difficulty with his rôle of reformer is that he is, before all and above all, a Democratic politician. During the war he was unknown as a war Democrat or even as an uncompromising "Union man," and was one of the authors and associates of S. F. B. MORSE'S and CYRUS MASON'S society for the diffusion of Copperhead literature. After the war, succeeding Mr. DEAN RICHMOND, he was the chairman of the Democratic State Committee when Mr. GRISWOLD was "counted out" of the Governorship by TWEED; and during all TWEED'S ascendency and control in the Democratic party of the State, Mr. TILDEN, as Democratic chairman, gave the weight of his name and official action to TWEED'S nominations, knowing, when he supported HOFFMAN, that he was TWEED'S man, whom TWEED nominated for his own purposes. That Mr. TILDEN despised TWEED we do not doubt, but he was a politician, and he thought the necessities of his party required him not to break openly. This is the key to his political career. He is, above all, a party politician.

When the *Times* published the facts about the Ring, and the community, regardless of party, rose in indignation, Mr. TILDEN still hesitated. He was not sure of the force or the depth of the feeling, nor that the exposure might not be fatal to his party. Such was his uncertainty that he did not attend the great meeting which appointed the Committee of Seventy. But at last he moved, and then moved with vigor and tenacity. Mr. TILDEN'S entire connection with TWEED can be explained satisfactorily to a politician, because it was that of a politician, and nothing more. But a man who five and six years ago held such relations with the famous Ring-master is not a reformer in any true sense. He is a very wily politician, who may have thought it necessary for party reasons to do as he did; and as a wily politician he may have all the praise. But had Governor HAYES ever maintained with any notorious public rascal prolonged relations of the precise kind that Governor TILDEN held with TWEED, we should not consider him as in any just sense a representative of administrative or political reform. So consummate and instinctive is Mr. TILDEN'S politician-skill that there can be little doubt that he will soon count JOHN KELLY and Tammany among his supporters, and TILDEN, Tammany, and reform will be one of the battle-cries of the eminent Democratic reformers whose names are so familiar in this State.

The vast wash of words in the platform suggests that it is mainly designed to confuse the public mind, and this impression is deepened by the elaborate obscurity of the financial declaration. It demands the repeal of the resumption clause in the act of last year—the only clause which secured for that act the support of sincere hard-money men like Mr. SCHURZ—and requires "a judicious system" which will enable us soon to assure the world of our perfect ability to pay our promises. This kind of talk will certainly not satisfy those who were displeased with the Cincinnati plank, and leaves to every voter to decide whether he thinks the speedy restoration of the finances probable under a party domination which is strongest in the Southern States, and which has shown its real spirit by the financial legislation of the present House, and which nominates Mr. HENDRICKS, a mere trimmer, for the Vice-Presidency. When the *World* was the recognized advocate, if not organ, of Governor TILDEN, it said that the repeal of the precise clause which the Democratic platform now demands would prove incontestably that the Democratic party was insincere in its cry for resumption. The Democrats demand the repeal, without the substitution of any pledge or plan. Governor HAYES, on the contrary, says that he might favor repeal if a more stringent substitute should be adopted.

The nomination of Mr. HENDRICKS is intended to conciliate the soft-money Democrats, and to encourage the hope of carrying Indiana for the Democrats in October. But he is so purely a negative man that the only feeling which his name arouses is the hope that the Presidency may never fall into his hands. The issue is now joined. It is a contest between two parties, two tendencies, two traditions. Every independent voter will look at the general character of the Republican and the Democratic parties, and ask himself which more truly represents the intelligence, the conscience, and the patriotism of the country.

REPUBLICAN REFORM.

POLITICAL platforms were never of less importance than they are this year. They are useful only as showing what are believed to be the chief subjects of interest to the public mind, but they are prudently expressed so as not to alienate votes. They are always very emphatic and uncompromising upon undisputed points, like HOLMES'S katydid; but they recoil from positive committals where there are differences of opinion. The practical choice between the parties will therefore be determined by other considerations than the declarations of the platform, and these will be valuable only in so far as they are sustained by the character and tendency of the party. Thus the issue of civil service or administrative reform is one of the most vital points in this campaign. This is shown not only by the fact that the Democrats speak of no other, claiming that this is paramount, but by the distinct demand of the vast independent vote of the country, which holds that this is the most imperative of all questions. The warmth with which this vote has received the nomination of Governor HAYES is due to the conviction that he represents the reform sentiment of the Republican party, and that the Republican party contains the great mass of sincere and patriotic reformers.

Undoubtedly there are in the Republican party many who think themselves exceedingly practical politicians and full of common-sense, who sneer at any allusion to a change in the system of the civil service as supersublimated virtue and a silly attempt to find better men than are created. We have heard men of a good repute for intelligence actually assert that two or three good and efficient officers, whom they specified, were the standing evidence of the excellence of the present system and of the folly of seeking any change. A more ludicrous exhibition of ignorance of the very elements of what they were talking about could not be conceived; and if such men knew as little of their own business as of the subject of which they spoke, that business would speedily come to an end. But such men are the ordinary hack politicians, who neither comprehend nor express the real movements that make and unmake parties. Both parties have plenty of this kind of "practical" politicians. But the fact remains that the demoralization of public life and of politics is to be corrected only by the resolute practical application of the principle declared in the Republican platform: "The invariable rule for appointments should have reference to the honesty, fidelity, and capacity of appointees, giving to the party in power those places where harmony and vigor of administration require its policy to be represented, but permitting all others to be filled by persons selected with sole reference to the efficiency of the public service, and the right of citizens to share in the honor of rendering faithful service to their country."

This declaration means, as we understand it, that while the political offices, as they are called in England—those which directly represent the policy of the Administration, and are necessary to its direction—properly change with a change of party ascendency, the vast mass of minor administrative offices, such as post-offices, custom-houses, internal revenue offices, with all their clerkships and agents and retainers, are not to change with a change of party or administration. Should Governor HAYES be elected, he has only to plant this deliberate declaration of the Convention that nominated him as a barrier between himself and the torrent of office-seeking pertinacity from individuals and from members of Congress. For the first part of the same declaration states that the best interests of the public service demand "that Senators and Representatives, who may be judges and accusers, should not dictate appointments to office." The efficiency of these declarations depends both upon the President and Congress, and upon their consciousness of the popular support upon which they may count. And this makes evident the duty of those who sincerely believe the reform to be indispensable to the welfare of the country. They must place this question in the front of the canvass. They must know the views of candidates for nomination to Congress. They must ascertain whether, by the nominations they may make, they are helping the new President to withstand the pressure, or whether they are stimulating the pressure itself.

The imminence and importance of the question are perceived even by some Democrats, who make, however, very crude propositions of relief. Senator GORDON pointed out several months ago the good sense of the reform as applied to the revenue service, but without entering into details. Mr. SCOTT LORD, a Democratic Representative from New York, and Mr. CLARKSON POTTER, a late Representative, have, however, made a suggestion, which ex-Senator TRUMBULL formerly favored, that certain subordinate officers of the national government should be elected by the communities in which their duties are to be performed. Mr. POTTER confines his suggestion to the postmasters, but Mr. LORD'S is more comprehensive, and, besides postmasters, includes marshals, assessors, and collectors, except collectors of customs. This would be a change indeed, but a change that would certainly not improve the situation. It would be a blow at the very structure of the government, without providing any guarantee of an improved public service. An irresponsible caucus, instead of an authority amenable to the people, would fill the offices, and bad as the present system is, we should have one a great deal worse. The officers named are

not those of the local community, but of the general government, and one of the chief objects of a wise reform is to relieve them from local control and hold them strictly responsible to an uncoerced appointing power. The aim of a true reform is to relieve that power from illicit pressure, and to enable it to exercise its functions intelligently and effectively. The great body of voters who desire that reform are in sympathy with the Republican party, and Republican success is the only guarantee of any progress toward such reform.

THE CONGRESSIONAL ELECTIONS.

IT must not be forgotten that the election this year is for Representatives in Congress as well as for the Presidency and for State officers. The deplorable result of a divided Congress has been as evident during the last six months as the singular inefficiency of the Democratic majority. It has, indeed, been the misfortune of the Democrats that the ill health of the Speaker has prevented his constant attendance in his place and control of the policy of his party. But no candid observer can truly say that the session has been distinguished by any political ability or valuable legislation, or that the attitude and action of the Democratic party have been such as to inspire confidence or desire to intrust it with the control of the government. When it obtained a majority of the House two years ago, it was as much astonished as delighted. It was in the midst of a Presidential term, when party discontents express themselves most freely. There was great dissatisfaction among Republicans with many party tendencies and leaders, and there was very general industrial depression. Undoubtedly the country was startled to find that one House of Congress was in the power of a party that had so recently been arrayed, directly or indirectly, against the existence of the government, and there has been the strictest and most careful scrutiny to see if it showed a spirit and an ability which should prove its fitness for administration. What has been the result?

It began the session by a betrayal of the bitter feeling of its Southern wing, and by the usual Northern obsequiousness. Nothing could have shown more plainly how ineradicable the party traditions are, and how perilous the condition of the Southern States must necessarily be under any other than a Republican national administration. It is not that there are not loyal and reasonable Democrats in the Southern States, but experience shows that they have not made themselves felt in moderating and restraining the hatred of race in their States even while the Administration has been Republican. And if now the party to which the old Ku-Klux and the White League belong, and for whose candidates they will strenuously labor, should obtain the general control, it needs no prophet to inform us that a reign of silent but effective terror would be established in the Southern States not only over the colored citizens, but over all Republicans. Since the early betrayal of this spirit in the House, that body has done nothing but cut down the appropriation bills and institute investigations of Republican administration. The first has been done under the plea of economy. But this plea is effectually disposed of by the passage of the Bounty Equalization Bill, which takes nearly a hundred and fifty millions of dollars from the Treasury for the benefit of claim agents and speculators. The honest and faithful and necessary service of the government is imperiled by the reduction of salaries to the amount of a few hundreds of thousands of dollars, while a hundred and fifty millions are given to claim speculators! This is the reform and the economy of the Democratic House.

The investigations have led to the discovery of malfeasance on the part of the late Secretary of War, and to certain railroad speculations of the late Speaker of the House. But meanwhile the Republican Secretary of the Treasury has been relentlessly pursuing and punishing fraud and corruption in the service, and the conscience and intelligence of the party, thoroughly aroused, properly declined to permit the offenses of individuals to work the discredit of an entire party, but resolved that the position and principle of the Secretary should be made the policy of the party; and that, by Mr. BRISTOW'S own frank and hearty statement, was done by the nomination of HAYES and WHEELER upon the platform adopted at Cincinnati. Meanwhile the pretense that the Democratic party is one of reform was tested by the manner in which it filled the great offices that were at its disposal, and by its conduct in the local governments which it controlled. The reforming Democratic party has sent to the Senate Mr. COCKRELL from Missouri, Messrs. EATON and BARNUM from Connecticut, Mr. KERNAN from New York, Mr. WALLACE from Pennsylvania, and Mr. LAMAR from Mississippi. That, again, is Democratic reform. Are these gentlemen, in any intelligible sense, better reformers than Messrs. SCHURZ, FERRY, BUCKINGHAM, FENTON, SCOTT, whom they succeeded? or do the methods by which the election of some of them was secured show a finer sense of political purity than that of Republicans?

The result at Cincinnati was a victory for the reform Republican policy. But this victory is to be made secure and permanent in the Congressional elections. It is the first duty of those who see this to insist upon the nomination to Congress of candidates who are in full sympathy with this progressive spirit, and whose characters and career are the pledge that errors of administration will be corrected, that wise and reasonable reforms will be perfected, and that the party which was the party of the country when slavery, secession, the Ku-Klux, and all their allies assailed it is not less the true national party when to those of these enemies that still survive is added political corruption.

POKER JACKS.

THE Democratic journals insist that Governor HAYES and Mr. WHEELER are the candidates of all the rings and corruptionists in the Republican party, because the rings do not protest against the nominations. But it is very amusing, in the midst of their assertions, to observe that among the most eminent advocates of Governor TILDEN'S nomination at St. Louis—the sole Democrat who is in any way associated with the name of reform—were Mr. JOHN MORRISSEY, of New York, and Mr. WILLIAM M. GWIN, of California, a statesman of the true TWEED type, who plaintively asserted that the only hope of purity in the government lay in Mr. TILDEN'S nomination. If it be suspicious that the candidacy of Governor HAYES is acceptable to "Boss" SHEPHERD, it is certainly fatal to Mr. TILDEN'S reputation that his candidacy was urged by Messrs. MORRISSEY and GWIN. It is not very long since Republicans were reproached by the better class of Democrats for calling Mr. JOHN KELLY TWEED'S successor, and for implying that a "reformed Tammany" was a delusion. Those Democrats insisted that Mr. KELLY was an honest and patriotic man, who meant to purify the machine, and they pointed to the fact that he was bitterly opposed by Mr. JOHN MORRISSEY because he insisted upon paying the regular market rates to laborers, while MORRISSEY wished to subsidize them with the public money. We have now had the edifying spectacle of Mr. KELLY opposing the candidacy of Governor TILDEN and Mr. MORRISSEY supporting it, and we have been requested to accept Mr. TILDEN as a reformer. Are Mr. JOHN MORRISSEY, then, and WILLIAM M. GWIN reformers?

It is unquestionably true that in the campaign which is now opened the "regulars" of both parties will, with more or less sincerity, support the regular party nominations. The preliminary contest on both sides, especially in the State of New York, was very warm; and in the case of Governor TILDEN his opponents made the most damaging accusations against his personal probity. But party discipline in a Presidential election is usually strong enough to reduce malcontents to obedience and order. The universal satisfaction with which the Republican nominations were received showed two things very plainly: that the country prefers Republican administration; and that it recognized in the candidates the earnest of reform. That they have not been conspicuous as "reformers" is no more true than that all their associations and sympathies were known to be with the progressive element of the party. They are acceptable for that reason to that part of the party, and they are acceptable to the Poker Jack Republicans because they are the regular nominations.

Both parties have their Poker Jacks. The decisive question is, in which party are they the more powerful? The Union army during the late war had rogues and rascals in the ranks, undoubtedly, but he would have been a contemptible patriot who refused to fight in such company. The Republican nominations were not the work of the bummers and the bounty-jumpers, and that is the fact which commends them to universal Republican and independent support. The Poker Jacks fall in, but they are not the strength of the support which the leaders receive. The Republican party is really the political organization of men of varying views upon many subjects, but who are firmly united in certain convictions, and prominent among them is the conviction that the character and composition of the Democratic party make it a dangerous depositary of the government. This feeling would have retained a great mass of the party loyal to any nominations that might have been made at Cincinnati. But those that were made have changed doubting acquiescence into warm approval. They have made the canvass positive, not negative, for it is now seen that success not only secures Republican ascendency, but Republican progress.

THE LATE COLONEL J. L. GARDNER.

A LATE article in the *Weekly* contained a remark, derived directly from General DOUBLEDAY'S little work upon Fort Sumter, and resting, of course, upon his authority, which reflected upon the patriotic loyalty of the late Colonel JOHN L. GARDNER. But whatever may have been his view of the differences of opinion that divided the two sections of the country before hostilities began, there is no question of his attitude and conduct when the Union and government were actually threatened. We have been put in possession of the most incontestable evidence of his patriotic loyalty, showing that he sought to make early provision for defense in Charleston Harbor before the assault, and that he applied to the War Department a fortnight before the attack upon Fort Sumter to be placed wherever he could be of most service. To preserve the honor of her faithful sons is one of the first duties of a grateful country, and we can not regret the necessity of saying these few words if they shall serve to make more clear the undoubted loyalty of Colonel GARDNER.

PERSONAL.

MR. GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS has no engagement of any kind with any Lecture Bureau, and all announcements to the contrary are wholly unauthorized. He will make his own arrangements with lecture committees.

—M. LÉON GAMBETTA is about to resume the practice of the law, and will appear in the following curious case: "General METZER, an Alsacian by birth, was a soldier of fortune who died in the Dutch service about a century ago. His heirs not being then known, his fortune reverted to the state, and, with the interest, is now calculated to represent several hundred millions of francs. The object of the suit is to get this fortune from the Dutch government. The alleged heirs are said to number no fewer than 1200 to 1500; they reside in various countries, and have formed separate committees charged to follow up the matter. GAMBETTA will be the counsel of the Alsacian committee."

—Mr. NATHAN DAVID GARRICK, who died in London June 9, was a great-grandnephew of DAVID GARRICK, and sixty-seven years of age at the time of his death. He had not followed any profession, but lived quietly on his private means, and was held in very high esteem by his circle of friends. He was possessed of several relics of the great actor, which will, no doubt, find their way into appreciative hands. By the will of the deceased, the famous ZOFFANY portrait will be presented to the National Gallery.

—Some pleasant characteristics of Mr. WHEELER, the Republican nominee for Vice-President, are communicated by a lady correspondent to the Cleveland *Herald*, who writes: "If I were to recall in detail the most vivid memories of the past season in connection with Mr. WHEELER and dear Mrs. WHEELER (lately deceased), it would be an occasional after-dinner hour in Mrs. LOGAN'S parlor, listening to her kindly chat, and now and then pausing to hear the sweet melody of those household hymns we all love so well, floating down from their parlor above us, where Mrs. WHEELER would be sitting at some light, dainty feminine work, and her rich voice would half unconsciously begin,

'Shall we gather at the river?'

or other kindred strain; and Mr. WHEELER, pausing at his busy writing-desk, would always join in with his deep, clear bass, giving an unconscious impression of domestic harmony and worship that were a part of our household riches in this great, busy caravansary that is my Washington home. When the news of the Vice-Presidential choice came to our group last night, clustered in the cheerful public parlors of the house, while the hundred guns were booming from Judiciary Square, there was the silence of a moment; then Mrs. CAMERON, with tears in her gentle eyes, said, 'Dear Mrs. WHEELER—if she could only be with us now!' and the stillness that followed was as touching and sacred as a prayer."

—The Rev. ROLLIN H. NEALE, pastor of the First Baptist Church of Boston, has resigned, after a successful ministry of forty years. Ordinarily the minister of the period does not dwell in one parish forty years. Either his sermons give out, or the people desire to sit under a fresh man.

—The Emperor of Brazil is in the ascendant so far as having made the best Centennial joke is concerned. On learning the number of revolutions per minute of the great CORLISS engine at the Philadelphia Exhibition, he said, "That beats our South American republics."

—Mr. WILLIAM ASHBURNER, an Englishman, has just bought and shipped to Canada three bulls and forty-seven cows at a cost of $100,000. They are for a Canadian stock-raising company. Two thousand dollars apiece is rather a good figure for cows and such.

—The London *World* of June 14 gives an interesting sketch of Mr. JOHN WALTER, chief proprietor of the London *Times*, of whom, among other things, it says: "If he is any way a representative of journalism, he is also a representative of the best type of country gentleman, an embodiment of the enlightened common-sense of the age, the model of a great landlord, whose house (largely designed by himself) is, with the trifling exception of Windsor Castle, perhaps the most palatial dwelling in the county of Berks, but whose thoughts and interests are in each cottage on his estate. That Mr. WALTER might have taken a very high place in more than one government is no secret; but though it is his constituents, and not the *Times*, which send him to Parliament, the world can not put the enormous fact of the *Times* out of sight, and the value of the work which that newspaper does could scarcely fail to be impaired, the absolute and judicial impartiality of its political views could not but come into question with the suspicious multitude, if it were known that its main proprietor, however inflexible the editorial independence, was politically a partisan and personally ambitious. When any vital question, domestic or foreign, comes prominently forward, the member for Berkshire seldom fails to express the deep convictions of the nation, and to interpret, with telling felicity, the views really entertained by the majority of its representatives at Westminster. Thus it is that there is perhaps no speaker in the House of Commons whose words carry more weight on both sides. His Parliamentary influence is increased by his style of speaking. His argument is clear, his facts are full and accurate, and his sentences are capitally constructed. Above and beyond this, there is the circumstance that he knows perfectly the temper of the House. He is never dogmatic, he is never egotistical. He never speaks at all unless he has mastered his subject, and sees his way to offer a solid contribution to the debate in progress....Mr. WALTER is not a mighty hunter, nor is he an eminent shot; but he is locally hailed as 'the father of his people.' He has built five schools on his Berkshire estate, providing accommodation for a total of 700 children; the bricks of the new office of the *Times* in Queen Victoria Street were made by his own laborers and in his own brick-field; and if he has crowned the fortunes of his family, it is because he perpetuates in himself the abilities and the virtues of its founders."

—The advantages of competitive examination have another illustration in the case of naval cadet STEPHEN JENKINS, who has just graduated number eight in a class of forty-three, at the United States Naval School in Annapolis. Five years ago we gave the portraits of young DOWD and JENKINS, who won their appointments by competitive examination of pupils in the public schools of the Hon. S. S. COX'S district. In that examination young JENKINS stood second, then the youngest boy of those examined, being under fourteen. He graduated, as he entered the academy, the youngest in the class, and has throughout his academic career maintained a high standing. Mr. COX has reason to congratulate himself on the admirable manner in which his appointees have acquitted themselves.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS: On the 27th of June the House rejected the resolution suggested by the President relative to the appropriation bills. The Democrats in the House made three ineffectual efforts for the repeal of the Specie Resumption Act.—On the 28th the Senate conference committee on the Legislative, Judicial, and Executive Appropriation Bills reported that they had been unable to agree. The Senate insisted on its amendments, and appointed a new committee. The House adopted a report completely exonerating Clerk Adams from the charges made against him.—The Senate, on the 29th, insisted on its amendments to the Army Appropriation Bill, and appointed a committee of conference. The House appointed a similar committee. The House Silver Bill was discussed in the Senate, but without result. The House considered the Senate's amendments to the Silver Coin Bill. Mr. Randall moved to concur with the Senate amendment with an amendment thereto in the form of two additional sections, authorizing, in addition to the silver coin allowed to be issued in redemption of fractional currency, the coinage of twenty millions, requiring the purchase of the necessary silver bullion at market rates, and authorizing the issue of the coin in the ordinary disbursements of the Treasury. He also allowed Mr. Landers to offer an amendment authorizing the coinage of the standard silver dollar of the same weight and fineness as that in use on the 1st of January, 1861, and making it a legal tender in payment of all debts, public and private. The vote was first taken on Mr. Landers's amendment, and it was adopted—yeas, 110; nays, 54. The motion made by Mr. Randall to concur in the Senate amendment, with his own and Mr. Landers's amendments thereto, was then agreed to—yeas, 110; nays, 45.

The Democratic National Convention met at St. Louis on the 27th ult. Henry Watterson, editor of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, was chosen temporary chairman, and General John A. M'Clernand president. Part of the financial plank of the platform adopted is as follows: "We denounce the financial imbecility and immorality of that party which during eleven years of peace has made no advance toward resumption; which instead has obstructed resumption by wasting our resources and exhausting all our surplus income, and, while annually professing to intend a speedy return to specie payments, has annually enacted fresh hinderances thereto. As such a hinderance we denounce the resumption clause of the act of 1875, and we here demand its repeal. We demand a judicious system of preparation by public economies, by official retrenchments, and by wise finance, which shall enable the nation soon to assure the whole world of its perfect ability and its perfect readiness to meet any of its promises at the call of the creditor entitled to payment. We believe such a system, well devised, and, above all, intrusted to competent hands for execution, creating at no time an artificial scarcity of currency, and at no time alarming the public mind into a withdrawal of that vaster machinery of credit by which ninety-five per cent. of all business transactions are performed, a system open, public, and inspiring general confidence would from the day of its adoption bring healing on its wings to all our harassed industry, and set in motion the wheels of commerce, manufactures, and the mechanical arts, restore employment to labor, and renew in all its national sources the prosperity of the people." On the 28th Hon. Samuel J. Tilden, of New York, was nominated on the second ballot for President of the United States, by a vote of 535. On the 29th, Hon. Thomas A. Hendricks, of Indiana, was nominated for the Vice-Presidency.

FOREIGN NEWS.

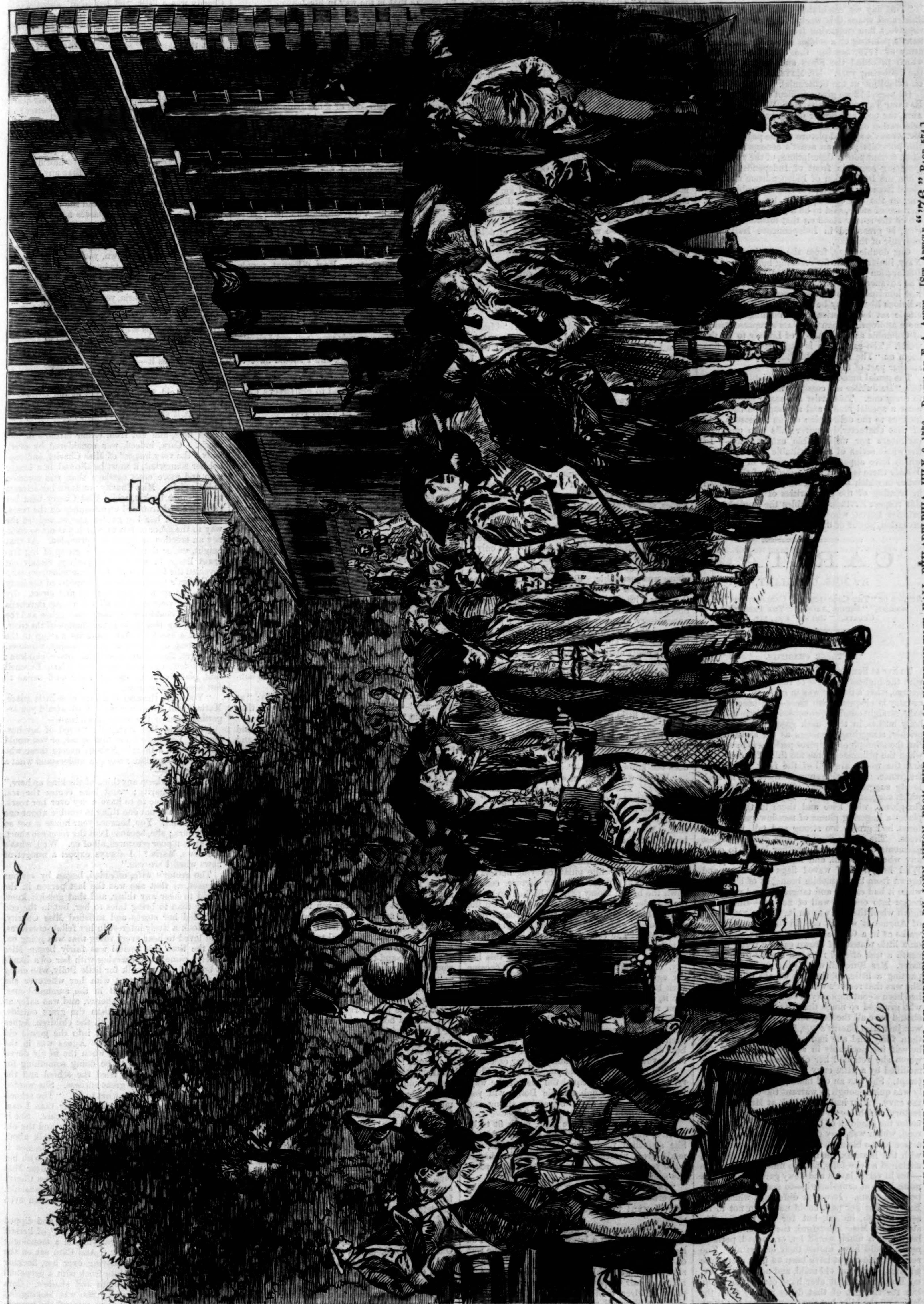
A SPECIAL dispatch from Vienna to the London *Times* says: "The Servian agent here has made communications which leave no doubt that Servia will go to war with Turkey. According to the agent, Servia will seek no pretext or subterfuge for attacking, but will act openly, and issue a manifesto stating her reasons." The Vienna *Tageblatt* reports that 8000 Servians have crossed the western frontier, and are marching on Seravevo.

In the British House of Lords, on the 27th, the Earl of Derby, replying to the motion of Lords Stratheden and Campbell for the production of papers relative to the Eastern question, stated that the abandonment of the Berlin memorandum had removed the cause of disunion between England and the other powers. He justified the late revolution in Constantinople, and deprecated hasty unfavorable criticism of the foreign powers. The situation, he said, was complicated, but, for his part, he saw no reason to doubt that all the great powers, without exception, would be glad to terminate a quarrel having so many elements of danger.

THE HON. WILLIAM M. EVARTS.—[Photographed by Rockwood.]

BAYARD TAYLOR.—[Photographed by Kurtz.]

THE POET AND ORATOR OF THE CENTENNIAL FOURTH OF JULY.—[See Article "'76," Page 574.]



READING THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE BY JOHN NIXON, FROM THE STEPS OF INDEPENDENCE HALL, PHILADELPHIA, JULY 8, 1776.—Drawn by E. A. Abbey.—[See Article "'76," Page 574.]

"'76."

"The day we celebrate" claims most of our illustrated space this week. On the front page we give a fine engraving from Mr. George Maynard's painting of a soldier of the Revolutionary army of 1776, bearing the old Pine-tree Flag which preceded the Stars and Stripes, adopted the following year. Mr. Maynard's painting is on exhibition at the Centennial.

On page 572 we give excellent portraits of Mr. Bayard Taylor and the Hon. William M. Evarts, the poet and orator of the great Centennial celebration of the Fourth of July at Philadelphia. Mr. Abbey's spirited picture on the page opposite the portraits gives an artist's conception, based upon contemporary descriptions, of the grand and inspiring scene in front of Independence Hall when the Declaration of Independence was read aloud from the door-steps of that venerable building, on the 8th of July, 1776, by John Nixon. A piece of stone, said to be a part of the step on which the reader stood on that memorable occasion, is preserved in Independence Hall as a souvenir of the day.

Our double page, from the pencil of Thomas Nast, illustrates the far-reaching influence of the Declaration upon other nations of the world. The advance made throughout Europe during the last hundred years in the direction of civil and religious liberty may be traced directly to the example set by America; and nothing could be more appropriate than Mr. Nast's representation of Columbia as the Teacher of Liberty to all the world. The same idea is expressed in the fine poem on "The Nation's Birthday," published in another part of this paper.

The genial humor of Eytinge's picture on page 580, "De Jubilee am come," will commend itself to every one. This artist has made negro character a special study, and although he naturally inclines to the delineation of the humorous side of that character, he never falls into unkindly caricature nor unjustifiable exaggeration. In the whole series of his inimitable negro pictures which have appeared in the pages of *Harper's Weekly* there is not a single stroke of the coarse satire in which some caricaturists have indulged in treating of the peculiarities of the race. In this respect Eytinge resembles the English caricaturist Leech, whose equal he is in fertility of invention, power of drawing, and in humor.

CARITA.

By MRS. OLIPHANT,

Author of "The Chronicles of Carlingford," "Innocent," "Squire Arden," "The Perpetual Curate," "Ombra," etc., etc.

CHAPTER IV.

THE THREE CHARITIES.

To live at Sunninghill, with one's feet on a level with the highest pinnacle of the big Castle of St. George, what a thing it was in summer! All that country is eloquent with trees—big beeches, big oaks, straight climbers, sweet-briers; even the very holly bushes, in their dark green, grow tall into prickly, straggling monsters as big as the elms. But the triumph of the place perhaps is in spring, when the primroses come too thick for counting, and the woods are full of the fairy, indefinable fragrance. In the ripe summer there was no such lovely suggestion about; all was at perfection which suggests only decay. The wild flowers were fox-gloves, with here and there in the marshy places a lingering plume of meadow-sweet. The ferns had grown too strong and tall, like little trees. The woods were in their darkest, fullest garments of green; not another leaflet to come any where; all full, and mature, and complete. Wild honeysuckle waved flags of yellow and brown from the immobile branches of big trees, while it had caught and tangled in and made the hedge into one big wall of flowers—almost too much when the sun was on it. In the very heart of August it was as cool in the shadowy wood walks as in a Gothic chapel, and here and there on a little plateau of brown earth a trunk underneath a tree offered rest and a view to the wayfarer. Mrs. Burchell was sitting on one of these, panting a little, on the day we are thinking of. She was that rector's wife already mentioned, who had been a contemporary of Cherry Beresford, and who grudged so much that "two single women" should have all the delights of Sunninghill. She was just Miss Cherry's age, fat and fair, but more than forty, and she had seven children, and felt herself inconceivably in advance of Cherry, for whom she retained her old friendship, however, modified by a little envy and a good deal of contempt. She was an old maid; that of itself surely was quite enough to warrant the contempt and the envy. You had but to look at Mr. Burchell's rectory, which lay at the foot of the hill too, and under the shadows of the woods, facing the high-road, which was very dusty, and exposed without a tree to the blaze of the west, and to compare it with the beautiful house on the top of the hill, sheltered so carefully, not too much nor too little—set in velvet lawns and dewy gardens, dust and noise kept at arms-length—to see the difference between them. It was a difference which Mrs. Burchell for her part could not learn not to resent, though, indeed, but for the benefice bestowed by Miss Beresford, the Burchells must have had a much worse lot, or, indeed, perhaps never would have united their lots at all. The rector's wife might have been as poor a creature as Miss Cherry, an old maid, and none of the seven Burchells might ever have come into being, but for the gift of that dusty rectory from the ladies on the hill; but the rectorine did not think of that. She was seated on the bench under the big oak, fanning herself with her handkerchief, while Agnes, her eldest daughter, and Dolly, her youngest, dutifully waited for her. They were going up to "The Hill" for tea, which was a weekly ceremonial at least.

"At all events, mamma, you must allow," said Agnes, "that it is better to live at the foot of the hill than at the top. You never could take any walks if you had this long pull up every time you went out."

"They don't have any long pull," said her mother; "they have their carriage. Ah, yes, they are very different from a poor clergyman's wife, who has done her duty all her life without much reward for it. It is not those who deserve them most, or who have most need of them, who get the good things of this life, my dear. I don't want to judge my neighbors, but Miss Charity Beresford I have heard all my life was not so very much better than a heathen. Oh, one comes to think—but I have seen her, with my own eyes, laugh at your papa's best sermons. I am afraid she is not far removed from the wicked that flourish like a green bay-tree; yet look at her lot in life and your papa's—he a gentleman too, and a clergyman with so many opportunities of doing good—and she in this fine place, a mere old woman."

"Should she have given up the place to papa?" said Dolly, whose small brain was confused, and did not see the analogy; "that would have been very nice. Then I should have been the little lady at the Hill, instead of Cara; and would Miss Cherry have made a pet of me?"

"Hold your tongue," said her mother. "Cherry Beresford is a ridiculous old creature. Dear me, when I think of the time when she and I were girls together, who would have thought that I should have been the one to toil up here in the sun, while *she* drove in her carriage? Oh yes, that's very true, she was born the richest; but some girls have better luck than others. It was mine, you see, to marry a poor clergyman. Ah, well, I dare say Cherry would give her head to be in my place now."

"And you in hers. Mamma, what a pity!"

"Me in hers! I'd like to be in her house, if that's what you mean; but me a fanciful, discontented, soured old maid—me!"

"Then, mamma dear, if you are better off in one way and she in another, you are equal," said Agnes, somewhat crossly; "that's compensation. Have you not waited long enough?" Agnes was in the uncomfortable position of an involuntary critic. She had been used to hear a great deal about the Misses Beresford all her life, and only a little while before had awoke out of the tranquil satisfaction of use and wont, to wonder if all this abuse was justifiable. She stood under the tree with her back to her mother, looking out upon the view with an impatient sadness in her face. She was fond of her mother, but to hear so many unnecessary animadversions vexed and shamed her, and the very way in which she would show this was by an angry tone and demeanor, which sat very badly upon her innocent countenance and ingenuous looks.

Just then they heard the sound of footsteps coming toward them, and voices softly clear in the warm air. "But, Cara, we must not be so ready to blame. All of us do wrong sometimes—not only little girls, but people who are grown up."

"Then, Aunt Cherry, you ought not, and one ought to blame you. A little child who can not read—yes, perhaps that ought to be excused—it does not know; but us—"

"We do wrong too, on every day, every minute, Cara. You will learn that as you grow older, and learn to be kind, I hope, and forgive."

"I shall never learn that."

They were within sight when the words were said. Miss Cherry in a cool gray gown, with a broad hat that Mrs. Burchell thought far too young for her; little Cara in her white frock, all the shadows sparkling and waving over her, erect as a little white pillar, carrying herself so straight. They made a pretty picture, coming down the brown mossy path all broken up by big roots, under the cool shade of the trees. On the bank behind were the low forests of coarse fern, and a bundle of fox-gloves flowering high up on a bare plain. The cool and tranquil look of them felt almost like an insult to the hot and panting wayfarers who had toiled up the path this hot day. Mrs. Burchell was in black silk, as became her age and position; she had a great deal of dark hair, and, though she blamed Miss Cherry for it, she too wore a hat; but though she had been resting for ten minutes, she was still red and panting. "Ah, Cherry," she said, "how lucky you are coming down hill while we have been climbing! Some people have always the best of it. It makes me feel hotter and hotter to see you so cool and so much at your ease."

"We have come to meet you," said Miss Cherry, "and we shall be equal the rest of the way, for we shall all climb. Little Dolly, will you drag me up? You are so big and so strong, and you like to help old ladies. Come."

Dolly being a very little mite, more fit to be carried, was made very happy by this address. She stretched forth two fat small hands, and made great pretenses to drag her thin charge. "But you must want to tum, or I tan't drag you," she said.

"Dolly is a little wise woman, and speaks proverbs and parables," said Miss Cherry. "Yes, dear, I want to come; but we must wait for mamma."

"Oh, go on, you are light and airy; you have not been tried with a large family like me. You had better give me your arm, Agnes, for the rest of the way. What a pull it is! I don't think I should ever walk if I had my choice. If I could afford a pair of ponies like yours; but with so many children ponies are out of the question," said Mrs. Burchell, still aggrieved. Miss Cherry looked wistfully at the pretty daughter upon whose arm her friend laid a heavy hand.

"Perhaps we both have something that the other would like to have," she said, mildly. "I believe that is the way in life."

"Oh, it would never do for you, a single woman, to wish for children. I consider that most improper," said the rector's wife. "Of course we all wished for husbands in our day, and some of us were successful and some weren't; but it isn't a subject to be talked of, pardon me, my dear Cherry, before young girls."

Miss Cherry opened her mild eyes very wide, and then she blushed a delicate, overwhelming, old-maidenly blush—one of those demonstrations of feeling which are more exquisitely pleasant in the old than in the young. She did not make any reply. Mrs. Burchell went on in her daughter's ears, "She is an old fool; look at her blushing, as if she were a young girl."

"I can't blush when I please, mamma," said Agnes; "neither, I suppose, can she. Lean on me a little heavier; we shall soon get to the top now."

"Why, she *runs*, actually," said poor Mrs. Burchell. "She is as light as Dolly; she doesn't mind the hill. So, Cara, your papa and mamma have gone away again? Why don't they take you with them? I should think you are old enough now to go too. How different people are! Now I can never bear to be separated from my children. I like them to go every where with me. It is quite astonishing the difference. Doesn't your aunt Charity think it strange that they should always send you here?"

"Aunt Charity likes to have me," said Cara; "and then mamma travels very fast, and I should get very tired. I think I like the Hill best. Mamma is not very strong, and I should have to stop all my lessons."

"But you would not mind that, I should think. My girls are always so glad to get lessons over. They would go mad with joy to have their month's holiday, and I am sure so would you."

"No," said Cara, "I am nearly twelve, and I can only play three or four tunes, and talk a little French with Aunt Cherry. We pronounce very badly," she continued, with a blush. "I know by the French people who come to see us in the Square."

"You poor child! do you mean to say they let you stay up at night, and hear people talking in the drawing-room? How very wrong for you, both for your mind and health! That is what makes you so thin, I am sure, and you must hear a great many things that you ought not to hear."

Cara opened her blue eyes very wide. The mind was rather gratified by the idea that she had heard things she ought not to hear. That perhaps accounted for the superior wisdom which she felt in herself.

"Mamma says I ought to learn to judge for myself," she said, with dignity. "When there is an argument going on I like to listen, and often she makes me tell her what I thought, and which side I take."

Mrs. Burchell gave Agnes a significant look, and Agnes, it must be allowed, who heard little conversation which did not turn on personal subjects, was slightly horrified too.

"Poor child!" repeated the rector's wife; "at your age!—and what kind of subjects do they talk about? It must be very bad for you."

"Oh, about books chiefly," said Cara, "and pictures—but I don't understand pictures—and sometimes about politics. I like that—about Ireland and Mr. Gladstone they talked once. And to hear the Frenchmen talk about Ireland—just as if it were Poland, papa said."

"Well, I am sure it could not be much worse," Mrs. Burchell said, after a pause of alarm. She did not know much about Ireland, except that they shot landlords there, and that when she advertised for a house-maid she said, "No Irish need apply;" and she knew nothing at all about Poland; and what the analogy was between she had not an idea. She looked at Cara after this with a little awe, but naturally held fast by her censure, which, no doubt, must be just, though she could not tell how.

"It can not be good for you to hear such talk as that," she said. "A good romp and go to bed at eight o'clock, that is what I hold with for my girls. You are a great deal too old for your age. Before you are eighteen, people will be taking you for five-and-twenty. To hear you talk, one would think you were eighteen now."

"I wish they would," said Cara; "I don't like to be always thought a child. I have often things I want to say just on my very lips. I know I could set the people right if I might but speak. But mamma holds up her finger, and I dare not. If I were eighteen I should be grown up, and I might give my opinion—and twenty-five! Is Agnes twenty-five?"

"Agnes! you spiteful little thing," cried the mother, getting redder and redder. Agnes was twenty and the eldest of five, so to add any thing to her age was very undesirable. Cara was too much bewildered to ask what it was which made her a "spiteful little thing," for just then they came to the final plateau, where the path reached the level of the lawn. And there, sniffing away at her roses, was Miss Beresford herself, in a cheap sun-bonnet and garden gloves, with a large pair of scissors in her hand and two baskets at her feet. The roses were in the full flush of their second bloom, notwithstanding their mistress's fears. She was snipping off the withered flowers, the defective buds, and yellow leaves on one hand, and here and there making a savage dash at a sound twig infested by a colony of green flies, while she cut roses for the decoration of the room. One of the baskets was filled with these flowers, and Miss Cherry, who had preceded them, had lifted this basket from the path, and was looking at it with a very queer face.

"There's a 'Malmaison' which is perfect," said Miss Charity; "and as for those 'Giant of Battles'—." She liked to pronounce their names in her own way, scorning pretense, as she said; and she put down her nose into the basket with true satisfaction. The one thing in the world Miss Charity was a little "off her head" about was a fine rose.

"They are fine flowers," said Miss Cherry, very seriously, her soft voice relaxing, with no smile, "but the stalks are so short! How am I to arrange them, unless you put them bolt-upright, each one by itself, as they are in a rose show?"

"You don't think I'm going to sacrifice my buds?" said Miss Charity; "never! I see you do it, and that dolt of a gardener, and it goes to my heart. Put them bolt-upright; what could be better? or they do very well in flat dishes. You can't go wrong with roses; but sacrifice my buds—not for the world!"

"There is not one long enough to put in one's belt," said Miss Cherry, who looked half disposed to cry. "We have more roses than any one, but they never look nice, for they never have any stalks. I must think what is to be done. The flat dishes are not effective, and the pyramids are wearisome, and specimen glasses make the table like a child's garden."

"There's a dinner party to-night," said Miss Beresford; "that's why Cherry is put out. Come to the arbor and sit down, you poor hot people. How very hot you look, to be sure! That is what it is to be stout. Neither Cherry nor I is stout, and it is a great advantage to us, especially in summer. Come, Maria, you shall have some too."

"I don't consider myself stout," said Mrs. Burchell, offended. "The mother of a large family naturally develops a little. 'It would not do, my dear, if you were as slim as you were at twenty,' my husband says to me; 'only old maids are thin;' and if he likes it—"

"Yes; you see we're all old maids here," said Miss Charity, with one of her hearty laughs. Her handsome old face shone cool at the bottom of the deep tunnel of her sun-bonnet, clear red and white, as if she had been twenty, and with large blue, undimmed eyes, from which little Cara had taken hers, and not from either father's or mother's. Cara, indeed, was considered by every body "the very image" of Miss Charity, and copied her somewhat, it must be allowed, in a longer step and more erect carriage than was common to little girls. Miss Charity put down her scissors in her other basket, while Miss Cherry bent her reflective and troubled countenance on the roses, and drew off her big garden gloves, and led the way to the arbor or bower, which was not so cockney an erection as its name portended. At that height, under the shadow of a group of big fragrant limes, in which two openings closely cut revealed the broad beautiful plain below, one with St. George's noble castle in the midst of the leafy frame, the air was always fresh and sweet. By stretching your neck, as all the young Burchells knew, you could see the dusty road below and the rectory lying deep down in the shadow of the trees, but not a speck of dust made its way up to the soft velvet, or entered at the ever-open windows. "Ah, yes, there's our poor little place, children; a very different place from this," Mrs. Burchell said, plaintively, as she sat down and began to fan herself once more.

"You once thought it a very nice little place, Maria," said Miss Charity. "I am afraid you are getting tired of the rector, good man—"

"I?" said Mrs. Burchell; "tired of my husband! You little know him or me, or you would not say such a thing. Nobody except those who have a husband like mine can understand what a blessing it is—"

"We don't keep any thing of the kind up here," said Miss Charity; "and here comes the tea. Cherry has gone in to have a cry over her roses. When one has not one thing to trouble about one finds another. You, because your house is not so big as ours; she, because I cut the roses too short. We are but poor creatures, all of us. Well, what's the news, Maria? I always expect a budget of news when I see you."

The rector's wife, offended, began by various excuses, as that she was the last person in the world to hear any thing, and that gossips knew better than to bring tales to her, but in the end unfolded her stores and satisfied Miss Charity, who took a lively interest in her fellow-creatures, and loved to hear every thing that was going on. By the time this recital was fairly begun Miss Cherry came back, carrying with her own hands a bowl of creamy milk for little Dolly, who clung to her skirts, and went with her wherever she went. Mrs. Burchell sat in the summer-house, which afforded a little shelter, and was safer as well as more decorous than the grass outside. When Cherry sat down with the children, Agnes had her gossip too to pour into the gentle old maiden's sympathetic ears. Agnes was in the crotchety stage of youth, when the newly developed creature wants to be doing something for its fellows. She had tried the school and the parish, not with very great success. She wanted Miss Cherry to tell her what to do. "The schoolmistress can teach the girls better than I can. She shrugs her shoulders at me. I care. She is certificated, and knows every thing; and the old women are not at their ease. They talk about my dear papa, and what a beautiful sermon it was last Sunday. And mamma is busy with her housekeeping. Couldn't you tell me, dear Miss Cherry, any thing a girl can do?" Miss Cherry somehow was a girl truly, though she was old. It was more natural to appeal to her than even to mamma.

Dolly for her part drank her milk, and dipped her biscuit in it, and made "a figure" of herself unnoticed by any body, carrying on a monologue of her own all the time. And Cara sat on the lawn, with the leaves playing over her, flecking her pretty head and white frock with a perpetual coming and going of light and shadow. Cara said nothing to any one. She was looking out with her blue eyes well open, through the branches over big St. George's, upon that misty blueness which was the world.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE KU-KLUX DEMOCRACY.

The question to be determined at the approaching election is, Shall the Ku-Klux select the next President of the United States? Shall a system of intimidation extending over a large part of the South defeat the will of the whole people? The Democratic leaders, it is plain, have no scruples in this matter. They were willing in 1872 to accept the aid of the worst class of Southern politicians and to profit from their excesses. They owe their control of the present House of Representatives to the frauds and intimidation practiced in several of the Southern States—Kentucky, where the activity of the Ku-Klux has been notorious for many years; Texas, where opposition to a Democratic rule has been perfectly effaced; Georgia, which permits no opposition; Mississippi, recently won to the Democratic side by a barbarous massacre; Missouri, overrun once more by Confederates and ultramontanes; Alabama, Louisiana, Virginia, and Tennessee make up that active majority of the House which, under the guidance of the Democratic leaders, are laboring to embarrass commerce, check emigration, and maliciously wound by a pretended economy the best interests of the nation. The Ku-Klux select the members of Congress at the South; they are encouraged to aim at the nomination and election of a President. What, then, is the Ku-Klux?

Louisiana is the State in which these merciless politicians have committed their worst deeds, and to its strangely revolutionary and uncertain condition we may best turn to discover the real meaning of the Ku-Klux. That not any kind of government, even the best, would content them, except their own imperious rule, that their only aim is the destruction of all government, the ruin of their fellow-citizens, is plain from the history of that unhappy State. They complain, slander, revolt, sometimes appear as humble suppliants for redress, sometimes claim it with menacing gestures, the Bowie-knife, the rifle; but their purpose is always the same. They are steeped in the blood of their fellow-citizens, and would bring war and desolation, had they the power, to the whole nation. To those who would palliate these fearful cruelties of the Ku-Klux that for ten years past have startled and terrified the country, who would innocently attribute them to bad government, to Northern injustice, it may be well to ask, Why do they ever occur at all? Why resort to horrible murders, when peaceful means of redress are always at hand? Why not use the courts, the government protection, the easy rule of the whole nation, to suppress disorder and amend the wrong? What sufficient excuse has been offered for any one of the political murders that have covered all the South? Why resort to bloodshed in Louisiana any more readily than in New York? Bad government prevails every where, but is that any palliation for Grant Parish, Coushatta, or the murderous risings in New Orleans? How, indeed, wise and humane men can have listened so often to the cant of the Ku-Klux, the whine, the broad hypocrisy, the transparent falsehood, and lent any countenance to their hideous crimes, it is impossible to discover; yet it is by the aid of Northern politicians and editors that they have won their chief victories. The force of public opinion has been too often invoked to shield the murderer and suppress the commonests instincts of humanity.

An eye-witness and a private correspondent, who was present at one of the earliest and the most terrible of these political massacres, relates with new force the particulars of the startling scene. It was at New Orleans in 1866. It was therefore the result of no official interference from Washington; yet it was the opening of that inexpiable war which the Ku-Klux has carried on against all the supporters of the national government in every Southern State, and which it seems resolved to pursue, if unopposed, to some desperate conclusion. In the hot days of July, 1866, a convention of Republicans assembled at the Mechanics' Institute in New Orleans. Its proceedings were conducted with moderation and dignity; a large crowd outside watched with curiosity and interest the unusual scene; but no trace of disorder seemed to disturb the peaceful occasion. Suddenly a detachment of the police, then in the hands of the rebels, moved up Cannon Street. Without any apparent provocation, our informant saw them open a fire with their revolvers upon the thick mass of men, women, and children. A terrible panic followed. "I saw," says the eye-witness, "policemen leave the ranks, run after colored men, and shoot them down." "The firing was like that of a battle-field. Meanwhile the Convention was besieged by the White League; the doors of the building were opened upon a treacherous promise of safety; the Ku-Klux fired upon the crowd of delegates, and white and colored men fell in a confused heap of slain. One clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Horton, was shot while on his knees praying. Dr. Dostie was cut and torn with penknives. The dead and dying were carried out in carts, and their bodies hidden. The number killed has never been told. Such was the first exploit of the Ku-Klux in New Orleans in 1866, and it explains with terrible clearness the real meaning of Coushatta, Grant Parish, the New Orleans rising, the Vicksburg massacre. All belong to the same secret association, the same desperate cause. Every humane citizen at the South deplores and shudders, no doubt, at these acts of lawlessness. Three-fourths of the laboring and mercantile classes in Louisiana or Mississippi would be rejoiced to see the men of blood and violence banished from the land, for they know that they bring ruin to all the best interests of the State; but they seem powerless. Even in Kentucky, on the brink of the intelligence of the Great West, the State government fails to give protection to the Northern settler. In Texas, a recent correspondent writes that he is obliged to conceal his Republican opinions, lest his neighbors may betray him. Life in Texas, he says, is held at the mercy of every ruffian. Another relates the way in which Republican meetings in that State are broken up and overawed. In a thickly settled Republican district a few hundred voters had gathered to discuss the political wants of the community and perhaps to nominate candidates. Good order and moderation marked all the proceedings. No harsh words were used. The Democracy was even complimented upon its general fairness. But a party of the Ku-Klux broke in upon the unarmed assembly; one Republican was killed, another cruelly beaten in the midst of his helpless companions. The murderers, who are well known, laugh at the instruments of justice, threaten violence to all who oppose them, and have effectually overawed a large Republican majority and carried all the elections. In Texas, it is said, the party of progress is large, respectable, intelligent; is able, if left untrammeled, to control the State. It might teach humanity to the people, check lawlessness, punish crime. But the least reputable part of the Democracy rule by violence, and retain the community in a condition of actual barbarism.

To every patriot, to every humane and republican intellect, it must seem singularly shameful that any part of the American Union should in the hundredth year of its existence be deprived of a free expression of opinion and of a free election by a general reign of lawlessness, that life should seem less secure in Mississippi or Kentucky in 1876 than it was in England under Saxon or Norman rule, and that this desperate class of our people should not only go unpunished, but even aim at the control of the whole country, should be taken under the protection of noted Democratic politicians, and be made use of by aspirants for office. The small but cruel and overbearing faction at the South which hates education and closes the common schools, drives away Northern settlers, plunders the public creditors, destroys trade, discourages industry, treats human life as valueless and freedom as an empty vision, is that part of the Southern people on which alone the Democracy relies for its success in the coming election. It is easy to see why the Democracy has the hearty sympathy of the Tory leaders in England, of the ultramontanes in Europe and America. It opposes to the will of the people a rule of force; it would condemn the people to perpetual ignorance; it would harry them by a Ku-Klux or hide from them their commonest rights. No Democratic editor has ever ventured to call for the punishment of the assassins of Vicksburg or Grant Parish, has reproved the Ku-Klux rulers of Georgia or Texas for closing the common schools, or spoken one word of hope to the suffering people who would be glad to live honest and reputable lives in Kentucky or Alabama, but are driven away because they are Republicans. One word from some noted Democratic leader, we are assured, condemning barbarous murder at the South, would have been the means of saving countless lives. One remonstrance against the harsh treatment of Northern settlers, against repudiation or fraud, would have been of infinite service. A strong appeal from a Democratic Convention against the cruelty of the Ku-Klux in Georgia or Texas might have made their people free. But of this nothing has ever been heard. In the hundredth year of the Union we are threatened by a faction which finds its chief strength in the open tyranny of the Ku-Klux and in the secret plottings of the papal priests, which closes the common schools at the South, betrays them at the North, and which is so dead to the common impulses of humanity as to hear of the cruelties of its adherents without a blush. But fortunately the heart of the American people is still true to the higher instincts of human nature. The Democratic leaders will soon discover that they have ceased to represent the wishes or opinions of their countrymen. It is stated that already the better class of Southern Democrats are anxious to break away from the restraints of the Ku-Klux, to repress crime, to educate the people, and, by joining with the Republicans in a friendly compromise, to establish a new epoch of progress and hope.

It is certain that the struggle of the progressive party at the South against the Ku-Klux Democracy will have the sympathy of every humane and honest intellect. The country has been too long shocked and horrified by the incessant return of these tragic occurrences, that seem to belong to some dark and forgotten age, that are too terrible for belief, and yet have all been done to secure the tyranny of an imperious and unpopular faction. To win the political control of the South, what have not its Democratic party leaders done? What are they not capable of? From the massacre of the Mechanics' Institute, in 1866, through a long succession of St. Bartholomews, the revolutionary faction has made its way. Its victims shake their gory locks in vain before the eyes of Tilden and Seymour and Kelly. But already it endangers freedom, it threatens the Union. If these political murders are tolerated and encouraged in New Orleans and Vicksburg, how long will it be before they are imitated in Washington or New York? To destroy the Ku-Klux Democracy is essential to the safety of the nation, of life and property every where. And happily the means of doing it are not difficult to find.

The Republican party—the party of the people—presents to the nation as its candidates for the high offices of President and Vice-President two men, honorable, moderate, just, and resolute. It presents Messrs. Hayes and Wheeler to the country as the symbols of honest and liberal progress, of education and humanity. Around such men in 1876 may well rally every friend of good order, of the Constitution and the law. Of whatever race, country, name, or creed, all who hold the principles of 1776, who are resolved to be in all things Americans, who abhor cruelty, tyranny, and crime, the politics of a foreign priesthood, the intrigues and vices of our European foes, will give their votes for Hayes and Wheeler. And if the papal Democracy at the North and the Ku-Klux Democracy at the South combine to resist the will of the people by force and fraud, they must be easily overthrown.

Eugene Lawrence.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Count Pietro di Brazza has begun a new West African expedition at his own expense by way of the Ogowé River. With him is Marché, the companion of Compiègne in a former expedition, as naturalist, and M. Ballay as physician. He is also accompanied by a quartermaster of the French navy and a party of the natives of the Senegal or Gaboon. He had proceeded some distance up the Ogowé in December last, and, according to letters of January, 1876, he was then leaving the country of the Okanda.

The *Pandora*, in command of Captain Young, left Portsmouth on the 27th of May on her voyage to the arctic regions. She was originally fitted out for the purpose of attempting to accomplish the long-sought-for passage to the northwest, but this has been subordinated to the object of carrying letters, papers, etc., to the officers and crew of the British arctic expedition. These are to be left at certain dépôts previously arranged for, and which it is expected will be visited by details from the vessels of the expedition. After this mail has been left, Captain Young will enter Peel or Bellot Straits and Franklin Channel with the object of getting into the arctic seas of the North Pacific.

A valuable contribution to American ichthyology has lately been made by Professor David S. Jordan, in a paper on the fishes of the *Ichthyologia Ohioensis* of Rafinesque. This work, published in 1820, gives an account of the fishes of the Ohio River and its tributaries, describing very imperfectly a large number of species. The identification of some of these has been a matter of very great difficulty, but in the present paper Professor Jordan sums up the labors of the various naturalists in this direction, and thinks that the problem in question has been essentially solved.

Of late years, among other noxious weeds at the South, one has appeared in great abundance, the hooked sides of which attach themselves very readily to the legs of cattle, and constitute a frightful nuisance, which, indeed, is spreading and threatening to make its way over the whole United States before long. According to the Bulletin of the Torrey Botanical Club, in 1851 a woolen factory near Augusta, Georgia, received a quantity of wool imported from Buenos Ayres. This contained a great number of small burs, which were separated by the picking machine, and the "trash" thus removed was thrown outside of the building. From these the species has been disseminated. It is known as the *Acanthospermum xanthoides*.

Professor Gray, in an article in the *American Naturalist* for May in reference to the unsatisfactory condition of our knowledge in regard to the American wild gooseberry, invites botanists throughout the country to furnish information and specimens by which the difficulties may be cleared up. The species so far known to botanists are eleven in number; but the history of several of these is very indefinite.

The twenty-fifth meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science will be held at Buffalo, beginning on the 23d of August, 1876, and probably lasting, as usual, about one week. It is announced that the head-quarters of the Association will be at the Tifft House before the opening day, on which it will be transferred to the reception-room of the local committee.

Circulars will be issued at an early date showing the facilities which have been obtained from railroad companies and hotels in the way of remission of regular charges.

The attention of chemists is invited to the fact that the Chemical Subsection formed at the Hartford meeting has been made a permanent organization. Entomologists are also notified that the Entomological Club will hold its annual meeting at Buffalo on Tuesday, August 22, the day preceding the meeting of the Association.

The Subsection of Anthropology, organized at Detroit, will also hold a meeting. It is also expected that a Microscopical Subsection will be organized.

The officers elected for the Buffalo meeting are Professor William B. Rogers, Boston, president; Professor Charles A. Young, of Hanover, New Hampshire, vice-president of Section A; Edward S. Morse, of Salem, vice-president of Section B. The permanent secretary will be F. W. Putnam, of Salem; Treasurer, Thomas T. Bouvé, of Boston.

The chairman of the local committee for the Buffalo meeting is Hon. George W. Clinton; secretary, John George Milburn.

The seal fishery off the coast of Greenland, as prosecuted by vessels from Dundee, Scotland, has proved to be more remunerative during the spring of 1876 than that of the preceding year, eleven vessels having taken 53,776 seals and 578 tons of oil. In the preceding season twelve vessels took 45,295 seals, yielding 455 tons of oil. The total value of this fishery for 1876 amounted to £34,332; that of 1875, to £27,026.

The Norwegian Greenland fisheries for the year have also been very successful. One peculiar feature of the year has been the number of old seals taken early in the season, showing that the work began too soon, as the young must have been very small.

Mr. Alexander Agassiz, in his recent trip to Peru, found occasion to conclude that the Pacific, within a comparatively recent time, extended through gaps in the Coast Range, and made an internal sea which stood at a height of not less than 2900 feet, and probably much above this. This is proved by the fact of the occurrence of coral limestone 2900 or 3000 feet above the sea-level, about twenty miles in a straight line from the Pacific. There are now no coral reefs on the west South American coast south of Cape Blanco, near the equator, owing probably to the cold oceanic currents, and this generalization in regard to the previous relations of land and water is one of very great interest.

The corals referred to are of modern aspect, although the species are undescribed. The fact that there are extensive saline basins at a height of even 7000 feet on the coast of Peru would seem to indicate that the submergence was at one time still greater than that suggested. Indeed, eight species of *Allorchestes*, a salt-water genus of amphipod crustaceans, found in Lake Titicaca, would seem to indicate that this lake, 12,500 feet above the sea, must have been at one time at the sea-level.

Professor Comstock publishes, in the *American Journal of Science*, an abstract of the first report of the Geological Survey of Brazil, made by Professor Hartt, who was appointed chief of the Commission in 1875. At the same time Dr. Elias Pacheco Jordao was chosen assistant, and Messrs. O. A. Derby and Richard Rathbun assistant geologists. A photographer was also added to the corps. Professor Hartt was subsequently appointed director of the Geological Section of the National Museum, which is destined doubtless to be greatly benefited by his experience as a collector and naturalist.

The *Cape Ann Family Almanac* for 1876 contains some interesting notes in regard to the progress of the fisheries of that noted town. The extent of these may be judged from the fact that the total value of the fisheries for 1875 for the port of Gloucester amounted to \$3,909,500, that of the whole district of Gloucester being \$4,624,000. The whole number of vessels employed was 376, of which 108 were employed in the mackerel fishery.

The most important item of the fisheries was that of the Georges cod-fishery, producing \$1,021,000; next to which is the Banks cod-fishery, valued at \$998,000; while the Banks halibut fisheries were valued at \$507,000.

According to the London *Athenæum*, the expedition sent out by the American Palestine Exploration Society from Beyrout in February last to the Jordan Valley and the eastern shore of the Dead Sea, under the care of Dr. Selah Merrill, returned safely on the 5th of May, after an absence of eighty days. Although exposed to severe storms and heat, no member was disabled at all by sickness. Special attention was paid on the trip to archæology, geology, botany, and general natural history. The collections embrace two hundred specimens of birds. Two groups of hot sulphur springs were discovered. A series of large pits in the plain to the north of Nimrin were found, running in a straight line nearly east and west. A considerable portion of the time was devoted to the section at the northeast corner of the Dead Sea and the mounds that exist there, with reference to the geography of certain portions of the thirteenth chapter of Joshua and the thirty-second chapter of Numbers.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Oriental travelers say that a Chinese gentleman thinks it beneath his dignity to manufacture his own witticisms. He appreciates wit, and he is fond of tea, but he would as soon grow his own tea as make his own jokes. When he goes into society he carries in his pocket a package of prepared witticisms and repartees, which he has purchased at the nearest joke shop. When conversation flags, and he perceives an opportunity for saying something brilliant, he draws a humorous remark from the top of his package and gravely hands it to his neighbor. The latter as gravely reads it, and, selecting from his bundle of repartees the one which is appropriate, returns it with a bow to the original joker. The two then solemnly smile in a courteous and undemonstrative way, and resume their conversation, feeling that they have acquitted themselves with conspicuous brilliancy.

What is that which goes when a wagon goes, stops when the wagon stops, is of no use to the wagon, and yet that which the wagon can not go without?—Noise.

An Irish citizen in his grief is asked by his friend, "What's the matter?" "Matter, indade? Why, here, I insured me brother's life only two weeks ago, and yesterday he got killed wid a derrick. And when I came to tell these insurancers they'd been after making some mistake, the blaguards, they tried to bribe me off wid five hundred dollars, as if I was a haythen to sell me brother's blood!"

A good Reasoner.—A teetotaler's arguments are pretty sure to be sound, for he is certain to make use of nothing which will not hold water.

"Doctor," said a gentleman to a physician, "my daughter had a fit this morning, and afterward remained for half an hour without knowledge or understanding." "Oh," replied the doctor, "never mind that; many people continue so all their lives."

"Pat," said a builder to an Irishman engaged in carrying slate to the top of a four-story building, "have you any houses in Ireland as tall as this one?" "Ya'as, me mother's cabin." "How many rooms had it?" "There was the ateing-room, the slaping-room, the kitchen-room, and the pig-pen—four rooms." "That's a story," said the builder. "Ya'as, four stories," said Pat.

An intemperate printer is a typographical *errer*.

If a row of columns is a colonnade, isn't a row of lemons a lemonade?

Deep Thinkers—Visitors in a coal mine wondering if they will get out alive.

Comparison.—A dull minister in the pulpit is a sore trial, but the soprano in the choir is usually a *soarer*.

About the only thing a man can borrow in these suspicious days without giving security is trouble.

A young man from the agricultural districts was lately in a tailor's shop getting measured for a vest. "Married or unmarried?" queried the tailor, after taking down the number. "Unmarried," said the young man, with a blush. "Inside pocket on the left-hand side, then," observed the tailor, as if to himself, making a memorandum to that effect. After a few moments' pause the young man was prompted to ask, "What difference does my being married or unmarried make as to the inside pocket of the vest?" "Ah, my dear Sir," observed the tailor, with a bland smile, "all the difference possible, as you must see. Being unmarried, you want the pocket on the left side, so as to bring the young lady's picture next to your heart." "But doesn't the married man also want his wife's picture next to his heart?" queried the anxious youth. "Possibly there is an instance of that kind," said the tailor, arching his eyebrows, "but I never heard of it."

THE NATION'S BIRTHDAY.—"ONE TOUCH OF NATURE MAKES THE WHOLE WORLD KIN."

COMMON SCHOOL OF LIBERTY.
1776
1876.
PROCLAIM
EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION BY A. LINCOLN.
DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

THE NATION'S BIRTHDAY.

I.

Glory to God! the nation cries;
Behold! our hour of triumph nears;
A glittering circlet, gemmed with years,
The century behind us lies.

Glory to Him! From East to West
Hosannahs ring with loud acclaim,
And North and South repeat the Name
Beneath whose rule the land is blest.

Our fathers' God our fathers' land
Throughout the varying years now flown
Has deigned to hold it for His own
Within the hollow of His hand.

Upon the soil His blessing lay;
The desert blossomed with increase;
And, born of strife, came forth the Peace
That hallows our Centennial Day.

Behold the fabric here upraised!
Between two oceans' plashing foam
A happy people make their home,
And cry with rapture, "God be praised!"

II.

The peal that rang upon the air
A hundred years ago to-day,
Proclaiming death to tyrant sway,
And calling men to do and dare,

Rang not alone our country's birth,
Not liberty for us alone;
Its loud and never-dying tone
Re-echoed all around the earth.

It broke the silence of the years,
That iron clang of Freedom's bell:
Freedom to all—a fateful knell
It sounded forth to tyrant ears.

The echo was war's clarion note;
The weak are risen 'gainst the strong;
An angry protest, loud and long,
Poured from the cannon's brazen throat.

Our country's soil an altar lay,
Whence rose the sacrificial fire,
And there was bought, with suffering dire,
The good we celebrate to-day.

III.

Full glorious was the work when done!
What hero-names are ours to love!
Many we boast, but one above
All other names—our Washington.

He loved not war, and from the list
Of men grown great in mortal strife,
But to defend the country's life
Forever had his name been missed.

He scorned the trappings of a king;
He could not brook the proffered crown;
His sword, victorious, laid he down,
Which peace had made a useless thing.

A halo round his memory lies
In worth and trust who never failed;
Forever honored, ever hailed
His country's Father, good and wise.

And he who wrote the noble page
Proclaiming all men equal, free,
Honored and loved his name shall be,
His fame undimmed, from age to age.

Each who with holy courage bold
Defied the scaffold's threat to sign
That charter of our rights divine,
In reverent honor still we hold;

And every patriot heart that led
To victory, though defeated oft,
At whom the proud invader scoffed,
Then learned to know and fear instead.

And while we thrill with Freedom's breath,
Our hearts shall echo that brave cry
That shook Virginia's sultry sky,
"Let us have Liberty or Death!"

IV.

And honor to that nameless throng;
Their blood secured the corner-stone;
From their set lips there came no moan,
For they could suffer and be strong.

They counted not the bitter cost;
Above their unmarked, leveled graves
The flag they fought for proudly waves,
The record of their suffering lost.

They bore whatever hearts could bear,
They pledged their fortune, honor, life,
And shrank not in the glorious strife
While Liberty lay bleeding there.

On many a desperate field of blood
They fought the battles of the world;
Nor ever were their banners furled
While tyranny must be withstood.

Dark was the night in which they wrought;
They saw, perchance, with faith's strong sight,
The dawning of a glorious light,
Far off, upon the land blood-bought.

They fought for freedom, not for fame;
They died to leave their children free:
Blest be their hallowed memory,
Who left a country, not a name!

The homespun flag, their honest pride,
A silken banner waves in air;
The fair design they wrought is there,
To show that not in vain they died.

In that blue field, undimmed in sheen,
Shine out the sisterhood of Stars,
Beside the white and crimson Bars
Bequeathed us by the Old Thirteen.

V.

That heritage is ours to keep,
While o'er each unremembered grave
The Stars and Stripes forever wave
And bless them in their hallowed sleep.

Unbroken be the glorious band
That stretches now from sea to sea!
One flag, for ages yet to be,
Wave over Freedom's happy land!

No foreign hand shall strike it down,
No traitor children trail in dust
The symbol fair of all things just,
That asks no lustre from a crown.

Beneath its folds all men are free;
Here refuge nevermore shall fail;
Sweet peace and plenty shall prevail
Where Law locks hands with Liberty.

THE RENTED PORTRAIT.

Jeannie Elting was the dearest little woman in the world; but in these dark days she was grieving sorely for her dead husband, so sorely that her good-hearted brother-in-law, Edward Elting, made up his mind that it was part of his mission in life to live near her, so that he might be able to look after the little widow and attend to her affairs.

He announced his intention in the following words:

"Jeannie, I want a house, and I have an idea about the little 'brown stone' next door. Tom Harris is going to Europe; he told me he expected to sail some time in May. He closes his house, no doubt. Now it occurs to me, that for such tenants as mother and myself—I shall send for mother—he will be willing to rent the place until he returns next fall. I should be close at hand, my girl, and able to keep an eye upon you and the children."

The convenient Tom Harris, who had not thought of the possibility of renting his house in summer, and who was looking anxiously for a responsible person to leave in charge, gladly accepted Edward Elting's proposal to rent the premises for six months. By the middle of May the widow Elting and her son were comfortably established there.

Poor Jeannie was wonderfully sustained by the affectionate arrangement of next door. She "leaned upon it," she said; but to Edward Elting there was something very lonely about the strange house with its strange furniture that lacked all the old associations which could make it seem like home.

One evening in late September, when the heavy storm, the "equinoctial," had brought a keen autumnal chill, while musing in the fire-light of his chamber, he remembered that flippant proverb, "Lucky in cards, unlucky in love."

Not that he played cards, or that he was in love. But the adage started up whimsically and reflected upon his life. Rarely had a "self-made man" attained so easily, by such honorable means, a fair fortune before middle age; and rarely had a man so capable of tender affection reached Elting's age of thirty-six without a taste of true love. To be sure, circumstances in part explained this: there had been so many helpless ones dependent upon him, there had seemed no time to think of self.

The half good of the flippant proverb brought no smile to Elting's face this lowering September night. No; all summer long, and at its close, when the sad scene shrouded his brother's home, there had been growing in his heart, even while he comforted others, a longing for something nearer and dearer than the love of sister and mother and brother.

Perhaps the room which he occupied in the rented house had exerted some influence to the effect. If walls have ears, why should they not have mouths? And these walls had much to say of delectable affection and happy married confidences.

Elting himself ascribed the phenomenon to the influence of a picture—the picture of a woman's face that hung above the fire-place directly opposite his bed. Every morning that sweet grave face was the first object that met his eyes. At night, as he closed his Bible, and was about to extinguish the lamp of the reading-stand, he gave one parting glance to the expressive canvas. Actually the pictured countenance had influenced his summer. "How must the heart of a man repose itself," he thought, with a sigh, "upon a woman whose soul should prove soberly sweet and daintily compassionate, like the face in the picture!"

He arose from his musing, fastened together some little packages he had brought up town for the children, and presently, all selfish dreaming cast aside, appeared in the expectant parlor "next door."

Mrs. Peter P. Perricastle was a creature of impulse, and some of her impulses were kind. It was one of her kind impulses that induced her to invite to the Perricastle summer-place, as guest for a week in July, "poor Miss Dexter," the teacher in town of a select infant class, of which the infant Perricastles were members.

"The truth is," said Mrs. P. to her audience of neighbors, "the girl's pale face haunts me. Besides," she added, with unconscious mixture of motive, "she is of excellent family—related to the Dexters of U——; and just now no one is with me but Sally Deveraux, whom I do not count any body, you know."

When the stylish envelope, with its monogram in tricolor and gilt, reached Miss Dexter, that pale young woman was bending over her desk, which had been removed for vacation from the school-room to the small upper room of a dingy boarding-house, and she was in the midst of a sum in arithmetic. Two columns to be added: the greater to be subtracted from by the less. The items of one column: board for an invalid mother, loans to a wayward brother, board and clothing for a little sister, rent for school-room, board and clothing for self. "My earnings" the other column. Add and subtract. Simple enough! The veriest tyro in that school-room tare and *fret*, the inveterate "tit-tat-toe" of the infant class, would have laughed at the easy task. And yet

"It was one of those woman's sums
That make the angels weep."

Would it ever come right? "Yes, every thing comes right," said Miss Dexter. "If it were not for this hope, this faith in the overruling protection of Heaven, I should have given up the struggle long ago."

At that moment arrived Mrs. Perricastle's note.

"Not a visit I had dreamed of, dear mamma," Mary Dexter said to the invalid, who was pleased and excited by the flattering request; "not one, perhaps, that I should have exactly wished; but it seems to be a *providence*. And as you think so too, I will accept."

"How could I have dreaded the coming so much?" was the young school-teacher's soliloquy more than once that first evening after her arrival, when she found herself sauntering up and down the broad piazza arm in arm with Mrs. Perricastle, who was all kindness to her guest. The dinner had passed charmingly. Mr. Perricastle was genial; the children, rather troublesome at school, were gentleness itself as hosts. The blue muslin dinner dress, with its simple ruffle at the throat clasped by the old-fashioned brooch, had proved just the right thing. And now, upon the broad piazza, how delicious was the mountain air, the wilderness of garden and vista of wooded walk, the gleam through the darkling chestnut-trees of the sunset-gilded lake!

"My dear," said Mrs. Perricastle on the morrow, "if you stay a while *with me*, you will have all your roses back."

Four delightful days of the visit passed. Sunday morning came, and the recollection of its Saturday evening was the crowning pleasure of the week. There had been a rowing party upon the lake, and company to tea, followed by music and animated conversation in the drawing-room; and, prominent in Miss Dexter's recollection, a fascinating chat over the engravings with the young clergyman of the place. She was quite anxious to hear him preach. Altogether it was in a glow of refreshing happiness that she drove over, in the big family barouche, with Mrs. Perricastle and the little Perricastles to church.

Not in such a glow did she return. A frown of displeasure was upon her hostess's face, and poor Miss Dexter was looking pale enough.

"I am extremely sorry that it happened," the impulsive lady said, as the carriage rolled rapidly through the dismal evergreen glen that two hours before Miss Dexter had thought "so exquisite." "He is considered one of the most disreputable men in the place. Fortunately he comes here but twice a year as agent for some New York house. I forget the name of the firm; but you know, of course, as you know *him*. I am so sorry, for every one was looking, and you had interested—I had interested my friends in your behalf."

Fritz Deming, the most disreputable man in the place, had come forward from the gazing loiterers that thronged the paved path from the church porch to the carriages, and had spoken to Miss Dexter. She had hesitated and blushed, but nevertheless lingered to talk to him, and had actually kept—just, too, as the Grangers' carriage was waiting to drive up—Mrs. Perricastle standing at the door of the barouche, until quite angered she sprang in, and was ready to attack at once her disconcerted guest with, "I am extremely sorry that it happened. For your sake, Miss Dexter, as well as for mine."

The Sunday dinner was colder than its cold meats. Mr. Perricastle was "out of sorts." Mrs. Perricastle "retired into herself." Mary Dexter was glad she was to go home on Tuesday instead of to stay another week, as she had been warmly pressed.

But Monday morning the weather—the Perricastle weather—cleared. All was again serene, and delightful was the morning drive into the heart of the mountain woods. From the very edge of the dashing, dreamy water-fall in a ravine of pines, Mary Dexter had plucked with carefulest uprooting the wild geranium and the maiden-hair fern, to be taken home with her as keepsakes of the inspiring spot.

Dinner passed pleasantly, and Mrs. Perricastle seemed to have forgotten the visit's one marring event. She even said to her guest that afternoon, "Keep up your courage, my dear girl. I have many bright plans for you this winter."

After tea, when it was growing dark, the young clergyman called. He had been passing by, and having accidentally found that day the specimen for the herbarium of which he had spoken to Miss Dexter on Saturday evening, the pretty white-flowered orchid (*Habenaria*), he had brought it for her book. But Miss Dexter was nowhere to be found.

"I thought she had gone to her room," Mrs. Perricastle said, nervously; "but they tell me no. A young man called, and she received him upon the piazza; in fact, he was not asked in; my servants are very discriminating, and 'twas that dreadful Fritz Deming. I only hope Miss Dexter has not been so imprudent as to go into the shrubbery at this hour. She is perfectly unsophisticated. Don't you think so, Mr. Gillette?"

"Perfectly," answered Mr. Gillette, absently. His eyes, stretching their gaze through the open window, were fixed on the shrubbery, and in conversation he did not appear his best.

"I am extremely sorry; I do not at all approve of this," escaped his parishioner's lips, as Miss Dexter appeared in the shrubbery, emerging from its remote dusk, hand in hand with the disreputable Fritz. A prolonged good-by, and then the young school-mistress presented herself in the drawing-room, somewhat diffident and flushed. When the clergyman had made his adieux, Mrs. Perricastle expected an explanation. None was given.

"Are you *engaged* to him, my dear?" she asked at last, direct.

"Oh no."

"Is he a relative?"

"Oh yes. He is a relative. He is a—he is *my brother*," said Miss Dexter, blushing and then turning pale, and evidently, as Mrs. Perricastle remembered to remark afterward, "in the very face of the discrepancy of surname too, telling an untruth."

"Please don't ask me any more," Miss Dexter plead.

"It does *not do*," lamented Mrs. P. to her husband the night of her guest's departure, "to invite these people to your house. I am persuaded there should be no such familiar recognition on our part."

"A very nice girl, I thought," Mr. Perricastle said.

"Mr. Gillette was carried away by her too," observed Mrs. P., blandly. "He has fallen in my estimation. As for myself, I am too ready to show kindness. Another lesson in human nature, that's all."

"Mamma, Mith Dexther'th gone home and left her wild planth," said tiny Tom Perricastle, peeping into the parlor the following day, while his mother was receiving a morning call.

The morning caller seized upon the mentioned name at once. Her curiosity had been excited by rumor of Mrs. Perricastle's guest, and the interview with the disreputable Deming, which she had witnessed in the church porch. She had a hundred questions to ask, and as she was not of the peace-making sort, Mrs. P., in answering these questions, found herself growing more and more suspicious of Miss Dexter, and more and more, to use her own expression, "indignantly wrought up."

The result was she felt constrained to write to several patrons of Miss Dexter's infant class that circumstances, singularly brought to her knowledge, compelled her to believe Miss D. not the proper person to have charge of infant minds. "We can not," she wrote, "be too careful into what influences we introduce these precious buds."

Edward Elting did not relax his affectionate care of the poor little widow and her troublesome brood, who recognized the authority of Uncle Ed, even though they rebelled against all other.

One night, after an unusually severe case of discipline, during which the offenders had been sent ignominiously to bed, Jeannie drew her chair confidingly near his, and said:

"Brother Ed, you are always so willing to help people who are in trouble, I wish you would help some one who interests me very much, or at least give me some advice how I may help her."

Not since her husband's death had Jeannie looked so like herself as now in speaking these words. Her pale face lost for the moment its expression of all-absorbing grief.

"You know Miss Dexter, May's and Kittie's teacher," she went on, "or at least you have heard us speak of her. Well, she has been here to-day, and she is in great trouble. The school was to have opened to-morrow, but it appears that more than half her scholars have been taken away. She does not know why. She came to me to ask if I would send my children, in view of a possibility that the class might not be sustained through the term. I declare, my heart ached for her. She said not much of her troubles, but I know she has been cruelly overburdened; she shows it. A year ago she was quite young and pretty; now she has that *old* look, the look that comes with—that comes with—" Jeannie paused. Her eyes filled with tears, her lips quivered.

"Oh, Edward," she exclaimed, "I have been ungrateful. I knew that to-day, when I was listening to that lonely, oppressed girl. With my babies clinging to me—little hands on my knees, my cheeks, my breast—they *ought* to sustain me. Ah, other hearts than mine are bleeding. I must not forget this in my desolation. I promised her May and Kittie, and perhaps little Eddie, if you think so. And I went in to Mrs. Granger's, and she will send Lottie. But these are very small additions—only two, and she has lost sixteen."

"Has she secured her class-room?" asked Edward.

"I don't know; I fear not. She said something about needing the half-quarter advances. Her brother has just gone to Texas, I think she said, and required all the funds that had been laid aside. Oh, Edward, you understand about business so well, I wish you could see the poor girl yourself. Could you— But no, that is asking too much. I was going to say, could you take, on your way down town to-morrow, a note from me—I promised to send word about Lottie Granger—and so make an excuse to see her? I suppose she would be cheered by a few words of clear advice."

"Why wait till to-morrow?" said Edward. "Write your note, Jeannie, and I'll take it to-night."

"Another proof," this elder brother thought, as he set off on his kind errand, hurrying briskly along the rainy streets—"another proof that I am needed for other people, not for myself."

"An' sich a fine-looking gintleman, miss, so florid-like and gin'rous," said the sympathetic maid-of-all-work, who climbed to the attic of the dingy boarding-house to deliver Mr. Elting's card.

A visitor?—who could it be? Mary Dexter had no callers. Time ago friends and lovers there had been—what girl has them not? But for a year past her overburdening toil, her care for her mother, her wretched anxieties for her brother, had unfitted her for entertaining any one. Even the young men of the house had ceased to coax her to "come down stairs evenings," or to go to places of amusement.

She entered the parlor to-night in strange con-

trast to the gay and gaudily dressed girls who were playing whist at a corner table with two boarding-house gallants. As Mr. Elting arose to receive her, and gave her his sister's note, something in his manner inspired Mary Dexter with confidence at once. His voice she thought a wonderfully beautiful man's voice; it was used in studiously low tones, for whist at the corner table had suddenly become something more than whist.

Quietly they talked over the business of the class opening. Mr. Elting promised, as it was on his way down town, to stop on the morrow and secure the school-room. The next day the pupils could be admitted, and there would probably soon be additions to their number; at all events, his sister, Mrs. Everard Elting, gladly wished, for the sake of her own children, to assume a quarter's risk. And every thing was so clear, so practical, so light-hearted, so safe! For the first time in many weeks Mary Dexter slept upon a thornless pillow that night.

And so Heaven had not forgotten to help. The poor school-mistress had found friends. Jeannie Elting was like a sister: could any thing be sweeter than that? And Mr. Elting came often, very often: the boarders in the dingy house began to make comments on the fact.

When he had been thus often, she asked him once, in a sudden impulse of gratitude, "Why is it that you are so kind?" And he answered, in his frank, downright way, without any conventional ignoring, "Partly because you have become so dear to Jeannie, and partly—" and then there came a strange, half-happy, half-sad expression into his face, an expression difficult to analyze—was this why Mary Dexter cogitated over it so much?—"partly *because of the fascination of a resemblance.*"

"Shall you ever tell me, Mr. Elting—shall I ever know, this friend of yours?" But this question she asked months later, and tremulously too, with her head turned aside, "Shall I ever know the woman whom I resemble, and for whose sake you are so kind?"

And then it was that Edward Elting, to her infinite surprise and to his infinite surprise, caught her in his arms and said, "Darling, it is *yourself.*"

"Would any thing induce you to sell that painting over the mantel in the front-room of the second floor?" asked Elting about Christmas time of Tom Harris, now re-instated in "the little brown stone next door."

"Not any sum you could name, my dear fellow. Sell that? Why, that's my wife's grandmother," said Tom.

"I'm sorry," answered his friend. "I would rather own it than any picture in the world. But never mind," he added, quietly, "*I have the original.*"

The original: not the wife's grandmother, dear reader, of course, but the original of the soberly sweet and daintily compassionate soul upon which a man's heart could rest.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

JULY, 1876.

Sunday,	16.—Fifth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	23.—Sixth Sunday after Trinity.
Tuesday,	25.—St. James.
Sunday,	30.—Seventh Sunday after Trinity.

AUGUST.

Sunday,	6.—Eighth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	13.—Ninth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	20.—Tenth Sunday after Trinity.
Thursday,	24.—St. Bartholomew.
Sunday,	27.—Eleventh Sunday after Trinity.

THE death of Right Rev. Dr. GEORGE D. CUMMINS, senior bishop of the Reformed Episcopal Church, removes from it its most energetic organizer. Bishop CUMMINS was born in Maryland, and was by family ties and education connected both with Methodism and Protestant Episcopalianism. He graduated at Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pennsylvania, in 1841, and immediately after entered the Baltimore Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Before he had completed the two years of his ministerial probation he decided to enter the Protestant Episcopal ministry. In the Episcopal Church he soon became distinguished as an eloquent preacher, and was settled over important congregations in Norfolk and Washington. In the year 1866 he was consecrated Assistant Bishop of Kentucky. In 1873, during the session of the Conference of the Evangelical Alliance in New York, he participated with non-Episcopal ministers in the administration of the Lord's Supper in Dr. JOHN HALL's church. This act created at the time no little excitement. Its effect was ultimately to decide Bishop CUMMINS to resign his office and membership in the Protestant Episcopal communion. His deposition followed according to the canons of that Church. He proceeded at once to the organization of the Reformed Episcopal Church, whose General Council meets this month at Ottawa, Canada. Bishop CUMMINS was an orator of very considerable power, and in the social relations of life exceedingly genial.

Two of the churches of this city have been recently sold under the foreclosure of mortgage debts—Mr. HEPWORTH's, Madison Avenue, and the Baptist edifice in Fifty-third Street, near Seventh Avenue. Mr. HEPWORTH's congregation still occupy their premises. They have entered into negotiations for the repurchase of the property.

The Annual Meeting of the Primitive Methodist Conference of England began at Newcastle-on-Tyne June 14. An increase of 7116 members for the year was reported. There are now 176,836 members, 3915 chapels, 1080 itinerant ministers, and 15,000 local preachers. As many as 138 chapels have been built during the year, at a cost of £113,000. The Rev. ALEXANDER CLARK, representative of the Methodist (Protestant) Church of the United States, addressed the Conference, and was received very cordially. The usual Conference camp-meeting was held during the session, on the town moor. On Sunday morning a great number of persons met at the Hay-market, and after dividing into two companies, marched in procession, with singing, to the moor. Here no less than twenty-eight sermons were delivered during the day.

The bill for the formation of the new diocese of Cornwall has been prepared, and will soon be brought before the British Parliament. The diocese will not, however, be organized until the sum of £32,000 is raised for its endowment; £12,000 are still lacking.—The newly appointed Bishop of Bombay, Dr. MYLNE, has taken with him to India six members of Keble College, Oxford, who go out as missionaries.

The "International Temperance Conference," which opened in the Philadelphia Academy of Music June 12, was an occasion of unusual interest. On Sunday, the day preceding, fifteen mass-meetings were held in as many churches of the city, and were addressed by temperance ladies. One hundred and thirty-eight ladies were present on Monday at the Women's Congress, representing twenty-eight States, and England, Scotland, and Canada. A letter of sympathy from Queen VICTORIA was read. "Mother STEWART" gave an account of her recent tour in England, where she has lectured with great success. An "International Woman's Christian Union" was formed, with Mrs. M. E. PARKER, of Dundee, Scotland, for president, and vice-presidents from all parts of the Christian world.

On Tuesday, June 13, the International Convention began, with the Hon. WILLIAM E. DODGE, of New York, for president. All the various topics of interest in the temperance reformation were discussed. A public breakfast on the Thursday following closed the proceedings.

The union of the English Presbyterians with so much of the United Presbyterian Church of Scotland as is located south of the Tweed was consummated in Liverpool, June 13. On the day named, the English Presbyterian Synod met (after a month's adjournment) in the Canning Street Church, and the United Presbyterian Synod in the Mount Pleasant Church. At an appointed hour the members of each body marched to the Philharmonic Hall, where they were enthusiastically received by "an immense gathering of spectators." The Moderators joined right hands, and declared the union perfected. The United Church will consist of 11 Presbyteries, 263 congregations, 50,000 members, and a yearly income of £160,000.

A correspondent of the *Liberal Christian*, of New York, who attended the opening of the "Moody Tabernacle" in Chicago, not only confesses the power of Mr. MOODY's preaching, but thinks that Unitarians would do well to study his methods. "Your correspondent," he writes, "is not very susceptible to those touches of sentiment which easily flood many persons with tears, but he could not stand unmoved those tender appeals in song, in prayer, and in the sermon to that love of Christ which constraineth us; and so, though half ashamed to have it seen, the tears would trickle down his face, and his soul was strengthened by the strong words he heard there for Christ and His Gospel. Is it not right to learn *ab hoste*, if we must say that of Mr. MOODY? Can we not learn the secret of his wonderful success, and turn it to account in the propagation of rational faith? I think it will pay to study MOODY and every other man who has achieved success."

The Archbishop of Cologne was summoned to appear before court on June 28. The government obtained a decree for his deposition.

The Rev. Mr. HAMMOND, the evangelist, has held successful meetings at Vineland, New Jersey, where he spent fifteen days. One hundred and fourteen persons, it is stated, "signed the covenant" in which it is Mr. HAMMOND's practice to enroll his converts.

The death is reported of two of the Roman Catholic bishops of Germany—Bishop EBERHARD, of Trier, and Bishop HANEBERG, of Spires. Both in the Vatican Council opposed the decree of infallibility, and both afterward gave in their adhesion to the decree. Bishop HANEBERG was for many years a professor in the University of Munich, and ranked among the first of the Roman Catholic scholars of Europe.

At the fifty-ninth annual Convention of the diocese of Ohio, held in Painesville, the question of the right of women to vote in parish elections was much discussed. It was stated that the practice prevailed to some extent in the diocese. Bishop BEDELL considered it to be illegal. The subject was referred to the committee on canons, to be reported upon in 1877.

The third Synod of the German Old Catholics was held in Bonn the second week in June, and continued for three days. One hundred and eight delegates were present. Dr. VON SCHULTE reported an increase of 4400 people and nine priests. The number of priests is now sixty. The question most debated by the Synod was that of the celibacy of the clergy. By a vote of 95 to 8 the delegates refused to entertain the motion for its abolition. Twenty congregations and seventeen priests had advocated the granting of the privilege of marriage to priests, but the Synod resolutely declined taking action. The ritual prepared since the preceding Synod for the use of Old Catholic congregations was adopted.

Lord SANDON's Compulsory Education Bill still receives an unabated opposition from the English Non-conformists. The committee of the English Baptist Union have condemned the bill on the following grounds: (1) because it gives aid where no control can be exercised; (2) because it invests with compulsory power persons wholly irresponsible to the rate-payers; (3) because it degrades respectable parents by compelling them to apply to the guardians of the poor in order to procure the education of their children. Similar objections were made by the Unitarians at the annual meeting of their Union.

The Wesleyans of England, though proceeding cautiously, are likely to act at last with decision upon the much-mooted question of lay representation. At the meeting of ministers and lay members appointed to consider the subject and to report to the Conference, it was resolved that the change would "not impair the integrity of the pastoral office, the inviolability of the connectional principle, or the authority of the district committees." By a vote of 70 to 6 a proposal was carried that the Conference shall hereafter consist of 220 ministers and 220 laymen. The Rev. WILLIAM ARTHUR, who was too ill to address the committee, offered to it a written argument, in which he strongly favored the admission of lay delegates to the Conference.

The New York *Tablet* (Roman Catholic) copies from this Intelligence of June 24 the account of the murder of FELIX MARTINEZ, of San Lorenzo, Mexico, and then proceeds, if its meaning is not misapprehended, to palliate the deed. It says, "If a man were to outrage my wife or daughter, and I were to slay him in a moment of uncontrollable indignation, would he be a martyr? As much so as this FELIX MARTINEZ. What is the meaning of this nonsensical cant about his 'becoming interested in the Bible, and interesting his neighbors?' So some Mexicans shot him because 'he was interested in the Bible!' The people were not wise to execute summary vengeance on him. But people are not wise when all the tenderest feelings of their hearts are wounded. Lynch-law is a barbarous remedy, but lynch-law is not confined to Mexico, and if it could ever be justifiable, it is when in a country devoted to the Catholic faith *a blaspheming infidel, having become interested in the Bible, proceeds to interest his neighbors.*"

This declaration illustrates what has so often been stated in this Intelligence, that the Roman Catholic idea of liberty means liberty for the Church, but no liberty for any one else. MARTINEZ is shot for reading the Bible to his neighbors, and the *Tablet* tells us it served him right; and yet the Jesuit Father WENINGER has lately asserted that the Church is in harmony with American ideas. Is this an instance of the harmony?

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE terrific explosion which occurred a week or two ago at a pyrotechnic factory in Greenville, New Jersey, plainly shows the danger of employing young and inexperienced children in an occupation which, at best, is extremely hazardous. A momentary carelessness, a mere slip of the hand, and there is a sad sacrifice of life. In this factory toy torpedoes and "paper percussion-caps" were made, and it is supposed that a package of these fell from the hands of a boy of twelve years of age, causing the explosion of the entire stock. Two children were killed outright, several fatally wounded, and others seriously burned or mangled.

The record of this Centennial Fourth of July week will not be unlike those of past years; if it is not infinitely worse, we may be thankful. But there will be a long catalogue of suddenly extinguished lives, of wounded heads, blinded eyes, missing arms and fingers, and maimed bodies. When a nation has arrived at the mature age of one hundred years, it would seem that it might find some safer and less childish method of exhibiting its patriotic joy than by incessant deafening explosions. Something better than mere noise should commemorate our country's independence. The decorative plan of celebration, so extensively adopted this year, may be the beginning of a safer, wiser, and more comfortable fashion for America's "Glorious Fourth."

Foreign journals state that search is still going on for the treasures of the late Sultan. Many of the royal diamonds have been discovered, including the largest one of the Royal Treasury of Turkey, known by the name of "Tschoban Taschi," which for several years has been missing. Abdul-Aziz took it one day from the Royal Treasury, and never returned it. It was discovered among the treasures of his mother.

A correspondent of the British *Medical Journal* asserts that the leaves of the cuca plant have a wonderful property. If taken when one is overcome with physical fatigue, all sense of weariness disappears, and labor can be resumed without discomfort or injury. No unpleasant effects have been observed from its use, and it is thought that a remarkable power of endurance is gained from it.

When the Emperor of Brazil visited the tomb of Washington at Mount Vernon, he plucked some flowers and threw them in to the tomb through the grated door with an earnest, reverential manner. He also planted a small tree near the tomb.

Visitors to the oldest Methodist church in America, on John Street, in this city, have noticed two tablets. One has the following inscription:

The Oldest Methodist Church in America.
Erected A.D. 1768.
Rebuilt A.D. 1817.

The other reads as follows:

Sacred to the memory of
PHILIP EMBURY
and
BARBARA HICKS,
Emigrants from Ireland to New York.
Through their efforts, to the Honor of
God,
The First Methodist Church in America
was organized in this city in 1766.

Their works do follow them.

We understand these tablets have been—or will be—sent to the Centennial Exhibition.

Numerous conventions will be held at Chautauqua Lake during the summer. A National Science Congress is announced for July 26, a Temperance Convention on July 29 and 30; the Sunday-school Assembly will begin August 1, and other things follow.

At the opening ceremonies of the Centennial Exhibition, the Emperor of Brazil was much impressed with the music rendered on the occasion. Desirous that the American Empire should greet the American Republic, he telegraphed to a Brazilian composer, now at Milan, to write a musical tribute to the people of the United States. The composer, Senhor A. Carlos Gomes, promptly responded to the command, and in due season the music was received. The title-page of the work reads as follows: "To the American people. Hymn for the first Centennial of the American Independence, celebrated at Philadelphia. Composed by command of his Majesty, Dom Pedro II., Emperor of the Brazil, by A. Carlos Gomes." What are the real merits of both hymn and music can be better known at some future time.

Representatives of about one hundred insurance companies doing business in New York met together a week before the Fourth of July to consider the best means of protecting property from fire on Independence-day. There was reason to fear that, unless extraordinary caution and vigilance were exercised, some terrible catastrophe or conflagration might happen. Various resolutions were adopted, to the end that all possible precautions be used and every arrangement made to prevent disasters.

All the valuable gifts bestowed by the princes and distinguished natives of India upon the Prince of Wales have arrived in London. Some have been placed at Marlborough House, but many have been deposited at the galleries of the Exhibition building at South Kensington, adjoining the Royal Albert Hall, where they will be open a while for the inspection of the public.

A Chinese newspaper which is published at Shanghai under foreign auspices has now a circulation of nearly six thousand daily. The proprietor is making an effort to reach the lower classes by printing a smaller edition at a very low price.

The remains of Louis Philippe and of several members of his family who died in England have been re-interred in France.

It may interest some of our readers to know that among the graduating class of Yale 24 wear eyeglasses and 3 use spectacles, that the heaviest man weighs 206 pounds and the lightest 98 pounds, that 36 can play upon musical instruments, that 40 have decided to study law, that there are 43 who never smoke, that 78 are church members, and that 47 have taught in the various Sunday-schools of New Haven. The whole number of graduates was 124.

The canned salmon of Oregon is sent to all parts of the world, but the largest part goes to England. Forty million pounds of salmon were caught last year in the Columbia River, and no less than 16,000,000 pounds were canned for exportation. The season extends from April to August, and gives employment during that time to a large number of persons.

Reports reach us that the Eastern plague is diminishing, and that it will probably cease entirely during the summer. There is little doubt that the disease is the real plague. During the month of May the number of attacks at Bagdad was 2099, and the number of deaths 1222.

A Maine newspaper says that the people of Fryeburg were somewhat astonished and amused the other day by the sight of two maiden ladies, who appeared on the road, hoe in hand, to work out their highway taxes. They were gallantly cared for by the overseeing official.

The San Francisco *Alta* of June 13 says:

"Yesterday was the hottest day ever known in San Francisco. The thermometer stood at 93° at noon. The oldest inhabitants sweltered and wondered, and new-comers manifested a disposition to sneer slightly at our boasted climate."

Thermometers in this vicinity don't think any thing of going up to 93°.

A very good story is told of the way the Centennial strikes the Japanese. Mr. Fukui, Japanese Commissioner to the Centennial, while traveling with several of his countrymen, was asked what were his impressions of the Exhibition. He replied somewhat at length; but, referring to the number of visitors, he expressed himself after this fashion:

"The first day crowds come like sheep; run here, run there, run every where. One man start, one thousand follow. Nobody can see any thing, nobody can do any thing. All rush, push, tear, shout, make plenty noise, say damn great many times, get very tired, and go home. That day and every day police no good; plenty policemen in corners, doors, halls; plenty outside buildings, plenty inside; all have hands in pockets; not one know any thing; no matter what you ask, he say, 'Don't know;' and that true, he don't know, not have try to know. Have sign every where, 'Don't handle any thing;' all the same, every body handle every thing. We lose a great many curios—small bronzes, ivory carvings, lacquer boxes, fine porcelain, and little pictures. Tell police; put their hand little deeper in pocket and say, 'Don't know.' We must take those things back, but have not got them. Ah!"

Now is the appropriate time to bring out any old relics that may have been for years stowed away in attics and store-rooms, drawers and trunks. The latest we have seen described is a large green silk umbrella, at least 136 years old—probably older. It came over to this country in 1740, and now belongs to a lady living in New Hampshire, who received it from her ancestors.

"Don't forget to say 'good-morning,'" remarks some kindly adviser to the young folks. "Say it to your parents, to your sisters, your school-mates, your teachers—and say it cheerfully and with a smile; it will do you good and do your friends good. There's a kind of inspiration in every 'good-morning' heartily and smilingly spoken that helps to make hope fresher and work lighter. It seems, *really* seems, to make the morning good, and to be a prophecy of a good day to come after it."

Caterpillars in Maine have eaten every green thing in some sections, making the country look as desolate as in December.

There is no law, so far as we know, to prevent a man from riding himself blind, swimming himself sick, or walking himself to death, if he desires so to do for the amusement of a gaping public. But endurance of this sort, stretched to the extreme lengths that have become popular among certain classes, is as useless as it is foolish. What possible advantage may accrue from a man's attempt to ride a mustang, or any other animal, 300 miles in fifteen hours it is difficult to see, even if he succeeds; and if he repeatedly fails from illness, the show becomes barbarous. There are methods and measures for the useful and systematic training and increase of physical strength and endurance which may be wisely adopted. But, after all, it is usually some great and sudden emergency, or some powerful purpose of mind, that shows how great may be human strength and endurance under great pressure.

"DE JUBILEE AM COME"—FOURTH OF JULY, 1876.—DRAWN BY SOL EYTINGE, JUN.—[SEE ARTICLE "'76," PAGE 574.]

THE HON. SAMUEL J. TILDEN.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY SARONY.]

THE HON. THOMAS A. HENDRICKS.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY, WASHINGTON, D. C.]

THE DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATES FOR PRESIDENT AND VICE-PRESIDENT.—[SEE PAGE 582.]

THE DEMOCRATIC NOMINEES.

THE HON. SAMUEL J. TILDEN.

Mr. Tilden, the Democratic candidate for President of the United States, whose portrait is given on page 581, was born in New Lebanon, Columbia County, New York, in 1814. From his father, a farmer and merchant, and a man of influence in local politics, he inherited a fondness for political affairs, and at the age of eighteen he published a pamphlet on the party issues of the day. He entered Yale College in 1832, but soon left in consequence of ill health. Two years later he entered the University of New York, and there completed his collegiate education. He then studied law in the office of the late John W. Edmunds, where he remained until he went into business for himself. Mr. Tilden took an active part in politics, and employed his pen frequently in defense of the Democratic party in opposition to the Whigs. In 1844, in conjunction with a partner, he started the *Daily News*, a campaign paper, in the interest of Mr. Polk's election. The following year he was elected to the Assembly, and while serving as a member of that body he was elected to the Constitutional Convention which formed the present Constitution of this State. For several years after the defeat of Silas Wright for the Governorship of New York, Mr. Tilden retired from politics, and devoted himself assiduously to the practice of his profession. He was engaged in many important cases, and won a high reputation for legal acumen. From 1858 to 1872 he was known chiefly as a "railroad lawyer," and in this practice acquired a colossal fortune.

When the war broke out, Mr. Tilden, who had been a strenuous advocate of compromise and conciliation, kept in the background, and maintained a sort of neutral attitude during the progress of hostilities. He then appeared as the friend and political associate of William M. Tweed in the management of the Democratic party in this State. This disreputable association continued until the war on the Ring was in a fair way to succeed, and it was only when the Tammany chief was in imminent danger of overthrow that Mr. Tilden joined in the movement against him. He then lent material though tardy assistance in pushing the work to a conclusion.

Mr. Tilden was a member of the Constitutional Convention of 1867, chosen to remodel the Constitution framed in 1845; and in 1874 he was elected governor of New York.

THE HON. THOMAS A. HENDRICKS.

Mr. Hendricks, the Democratic candidate for the position of Vice-President of the United States, was born in Muskingum County, Ohio, September 7, 1819. A few years afterward his father settled in Shelby County, Indiana. He was educated at South Hanover College, and on the completion of his collegiate course studied law, and was admitted to the bar at Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, in 1843. Mr. Hendricks then returned to Indiana, where he soon attained a large and successful practice in his profession. He was elected to the State Legislature in 1848, and in 1850 he was a member of the State Constitutional Convention. From 1851 to 1855 he was a member of Congress from the Indianapolis district. In the latter year he was appointed by President Pierce Commissioner in the General Land-office, and held that position till 1859. From 1863 to 1869 he was a member of the United States Senate. In 1872, Mr. Greeley having died before the meeting of the College of Electors, Mr. Hendricks received a majority of the Democratic electoral vote for the office of President of the United States. The vote stood: Ulysses S. Grant, 300; Thomas A. Hendricks, 42; Gratz Brown, 18.

RUSSIAN VILLAGE COMMUNITIES.

All over European Russia, except in the outlying provinces, the arable land of the Communes is divided into three fields, to suit the triennial rotation or three-field system of agriculture universally practiced by the peasantry. When a redistribution has been resolved upon, each of the three fields is divided into an indefinite number of plots, according to the quality of the soil, and each plot, or each category of plots —if there are several plots of equal quality—is then subdivided into a number of long, narrow strips, corresponding to the number of "Revision Souls" (males inscribed in the revision or census lists) in the Commune. Thus each family receives at least one strip—and perhaps several strips of different quality—in each field. The shares are distributed among the members either by general consent or by casting lots.

If the Communal land is merely sufficient for the wants of the members, the heads of families easily come to a satisfactory arrangement as to how many shares each one shall take; but if the land is superabundant, or very poor in quality, each one naturally strives to get as little of it as possible, so that he may have less to pay. In the latter case the discussion is sure to wax hot, and a casual spectator may overhear debates of this kind:

"Come, now, Ivan," says an elderly peasant, who has evidently an air of authority, to one of the by-standers; "you are a sturdy fellow, and you have a son there, a fine youth, who can do the work of two. You must take at least three shares."

"No, I can not," remonstrates Ivan. "By God, I can not! My son—praise be to God!—is strong and healthy; but I am no longer what I was, and my old woman is quite without force, fit for nothing but to put the cabbage soup into the oven. By God, I can not!"

"If the old woman is weak, your daughter-in-law is strong—stronger than a little horse."

A giggle in the outskirts of the crowd shows that the damsel referred to is among the spectators.

"In truth, it is not in my power," pleads Ivan.

"There is nothing to be said," replies the old man, in an authoritative tone. "Somebody must take the remaining *souls*" (shares). "You must take three shares."

"Lay on him three shares and a half!" shouts a voice in the crowd.

This proposal evokes a confused murmur of "ayes" and "noes," till the noes gain a decided majority, and the ayes are silenced. A general shout of "Three! three!" decides the matter.

"It is the will of the *Mir*," remarks Ivan, scratching the back of his head, and looking down with a look of mingled disappointment and resignation.

"And now, Prascovia, how much are you to have?" asks the old man, addressing a woman standing by with a baby in her arms.

"As the Mir orders, so be it," replies Prascovia, turning down her eyes.

"Very well, you ought to have a share and a half."

"What do you say, little father?" cries the woman, throwing off suddenly her air of subservient obedience. "Do you hear that, ye orthodox? They want to lay upon me a soul and a half. Was such a thing ever heard of? Since St. Peter's Day my husband has been bedridden—bewitched, it seems, for nothing does him good. He can not put a foot to the ground—all the same as if he were dead; only he eats bread."

"You talk nonsense," says a neighbor; "he was in the *kabák*" (gin-shop) "last week."

"And you," retorts Prascovia, wandering from the subject in hand, "what did *you* do last parish *fête*? Was it not you who got drunk and beat your wife till she roused the whole village with her shrieking? And no further gone than last Sunday—phew!"

"Listen!" says the old man, sternly, cutting short the torrent of invective. "You must take at least a share and a quarter. If you can not manage it yourself, you can get some one to help you."

"How can that be? Where am I to get the money to pay a laborer?" asks the woman, with much wailing and a flood of tears. "Have pity, ye orthodox, on the poor orphans. God will reward you," and so on, and so on.

I need not weary the reader with a further description of these scenes, which are always very long and sometimes violent. All present are deeply interested, for the allotment of the land is by far the most important event in Russian peasant life, and the arrangement can not be made without endless talking and discussion. After the number of shares for each family has been decided, the distribution of the lots gives rise to new difficulties. The families who have plentifully manured their land strive to get back their old lots, and the Commune respects their claims so far as these are consistent with the new arrangement; but it often happens that it is impossible to conciliate private rights and Communal interests, and in such cases the former are sacrificed in a way that would not be tolerated by men of Anglo-Saxon race.

LIVER AND BLOOD DISEASES.

By R. V. Pierce, M.D., Author of "The People's Common-Sense Medical Adviser."

A healthy liver secretes each day about two and a half pounds of bile, which contains a great amount of waste material taken from the blood. When the liver becomes torpid or congested, it fails to eliminate this vast amount of noxious substance, which, therefore, remains to poison the blood and be conveyed to every part of the system. What must be the condition of the blood when it is receiving and retaining each day two and a half pounds of poison? Nature tries to work off this poison through other channels and organs—the kidneys, lungs, skin, etc.—but these organs become overtaxed in performing this labor in addition to their natural functions, and can not long withstand the pressure, but become variously diseased.

The brain, which is the great electrical centre of all vitality, is unduly stimulated by the unhealthy blood which passes to it from the heart, and it fails to perform its office healthily. Hence the symptoms of bile poisoning, which are dullness, headache, incapacity to keep the mind on any subject, impairment of memory, dizzy, sleepy, or nervous feelings, gloomy forebodings, and irritability of temper. The blood itself being diseased, as it forms the sweat upon the surface of the skin, it is so irritating and poisonous that it produces discolored brown spots, pimples, blotches, and other eruptions, sores, boils, carbuncles, and scrofulous tumors. The stomach, bowels, and other organs can not escape becoming affected, sooner or later, and we have, as the result, costiveness, piles, dropsy, dyspepsia, diarrhœa. Other symptoms are common, as bitter or bad taste in mouth, internal heat, palpitation, teasing cough, unsteady appetite, choking sensation in throat, bloating of stomach, pain in sides or about shoulders or back, coldness of extremities, etc., etc. Only a few of the above symptoms are likely to be present in any case at one time. The liver being the great depurating or blood-cleansing organ of the system, set this great "housekeeper of our health" at work, and the foul corruptions which gender in the blood, and rot out, as it were, the machinery of life, are gradually expelled from the system. For this purpose, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, with very small doses daily of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, is pre-eminently the articles needed. They cure every kind of humor, from the worst scrofula to the common pimple, blotch, or eruption. Great eating ulcers kindly heal under their mighty curative influence. Virulent blood poisons that lurk in the system are by them robbed of their terrors, and by their persevering and somewhat protracted use the most tainted systems may be completely renovated and built up anew. Enlarged glands, tumors, and swellings dwindle away and disappear under the influence of these great resolvents.—[*Com.*]

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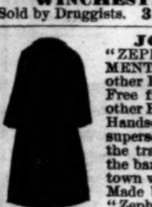

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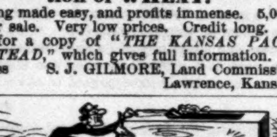

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Thirty-first Annual Report of the

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,

Office Nos. 346 & 348 Broadway.

JANUARY 1st, 1876.

Amount of Net Cash Assets, January 1st, 1875	$27,145,777 51
REVENUE ACCOUNT.	
Premiums and Annuities	$6,069,002 81
Interest received and accrued	1,870,658 34
	$7,939,661 15
	$35,085,438 66
DISBURSEMENT ACCOUNT.	
Losses by Death	$1,524,814 83
Dividends and Returned Premiums on Canceled Policies	2,481,696 96
Life Annuities, Matured Endowments, and Re-Insurances	182,400 83
Commissions, Brokerages, and Agency Expenses	361,918 06
Advertising and Physicians' Fees	87,591 26
Taxes, Office and Law Expenses, Salaries, Printing, &c.	280,114 03
	$4,918,535 97
	$30,166,902 69
ASSETS.	
Cash in Trust Company, in Bank, and on hand	$1,768,291 26
Invested in United States, New York City, and other stocks (market value $7,633,244)	7,154,191 05
Real Estate	1,820,240 53
Bonds and Mortgages (secured by real estate valued at more than double the amount loaned, buildings thereon insured for $15,717,000, and the policies assigned to the Company as additional collateral security	17,685,597 50
Loans on existing policies (the reserve held by the Company on these policies amounts to $4,090,586)	885,728 82
Quarterly and Semi-Annual Premiums on existing policies, due subsequent to Jan. 1, 1876	463,269 64
Premiums on existing policies in course of transmission and collection (estimated reserve on these policies, $320,000, included in liabilities	105,341 54
Agents' Balances	27,111 49
Accrued interest to Jan. 1, 1876, on investments	257,130 86
	$30,166,902 69
Excess of market value of securities over cost	479,052 95
Cash Assets, January 1st, 1876	$30,645,955 64
APPROPRIATED AS FOLLOWS:	
Adjusted Losses, due subsequent to Jan. 1, 1876	$303,165 00
Reported Losses awaiting proof, &c.	144,598 66
Reserved for Re-Insurance on existing policies; participating Insurance at 4 per cent. Carlisle net premium; non-participating at 5 per cent. Carlisle net premium	27,390,396 44
Reserved for contingent liability to Tontine Dividend Fund over and above a four per cent. reserve on existing policies of that class	308,138 81
	$28,146,298 91
Surplus by the Company's Standard	**$2,499,656 73**
Surplus by the New York State Standard	**$5,466,341 06**

From the undivided Surplus of $2,499,656 73 the Board of Trustees has declared a Reversionary Dividend, available on settlement of next Annual Premium to participating policies proportionate to their contributions to surplus. The cash value of such reversion may be used in settlement if the policy-holders so elect.

During the Year 7029 Policies have been issued, insuring $21,964,190.

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Wm. H. Appleton,	C. R. Bogert, M.D.,	Wm. H. Beers.
Robt. B. Collins,		

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WM. H. BEERS, Vice-Pres't and Actuary.
Theodore M. Banta, Cashier.
D. O'Dell, Superintendent of Agencies.
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Vol. VIII.

MANTLE, with Shirred Tablier and Walking Skirt.........No. 17
CHILD'S WARDROBE, Box-Pleated Blouse, Gabrielle, Yoke Slip, and Sacque (for child from 6 months to 5 years old)......... " 21
PLEATED BASQUE, with Byron Collar, Deep, Round Over-skirt, and Walking Skirt......... " 23
LOOSE BASQUE, with Cardinal Cape, Square Apron, and Walking Skirt......... " 33
DOUBLE-BREASTED FRENCH JACKET, Sheath Over-skirt, and Clinging Walking Skirt......... " 41
CUIRASS BASQUE, Long Square Over-skirt, and Walking Skirt......... " 43
JOCKEY BASQUE, Double Apron with Scarf Back, and Demi-Trained Skirt......... " 43
MARQUISE SACQUE, with Double-Breasted Vest, Trimmed Skirt, and Short Court Train. " 43
LONG CLOAK, Apron with Upright Folds, and Six-Gore Walking Skirt......... " 45
DOUBLE-BREASTED CUIRASS BASQUE, with Byron Collar, Revers Over-skirt, and Clinging Walking Skirt......... " 46
ARMOR BASQUE, Scarf Over-skirt, with Reticule Pocket, and Demi-Trained Skirt......... " 46
MARGUERITE PELISSE, with Six-Gore Walking Skirt......... " 48
PRINCESSE DRESS......... " 48
GIRL'S WARDROBE, Princesse Dress, Kilt Suit (Double-Breasted Sacque, Basque Buttoned Behind, and Kilt Skirt) and Vest Over Dress (for girl from 2 to 9 years old)......... " 50
MARGUERITE WRAPPER......... " 52

Vol. IX.

GIRL'S LINGERIE, Gabrielle Wrapper, Under-Waist, Sacque Night-gown, Sacque Chemise, and Closed Drawers (for girl from 5 to 15 years old)......... " 4
PRINCESSE POLONAISE, with Demi-Trained Skirt......... " 4
BLOUSE BASQUE, La Boiteuse Over-skirt and Full-Trained Skirt......... " 10
CAMBRIC POLONAISE WALKING SUIT... " 12
CONTINENTAL BASQUE, Long, Round Over-skirt, and Walking Skirt......... " 12
LAFAYETTE SACQUE, Drapery Over-skirt, and Walking Skirt......... " 14
CORSET BASQUE, Burnous Over-skirt with Parasol Pocket, and Walking Skirt......... " 18
"SEVENTY-SIX" POLONAISE WALKING SUIT......... " 20
LA BOITEUSE POLONAISE WALKING SUIT " 22
POLONAISE BUTTONED BEHIND, with Long Walking Skirt......... " 22
SCARF MANTLE, Long Apron, and Demi-Trained Skirt......... " 24

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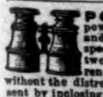

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From the N. Y. Evening Mail.

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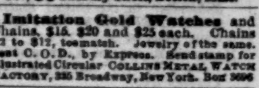

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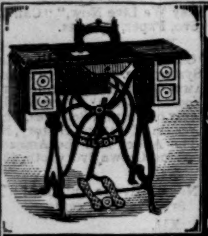

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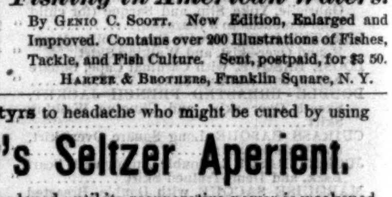

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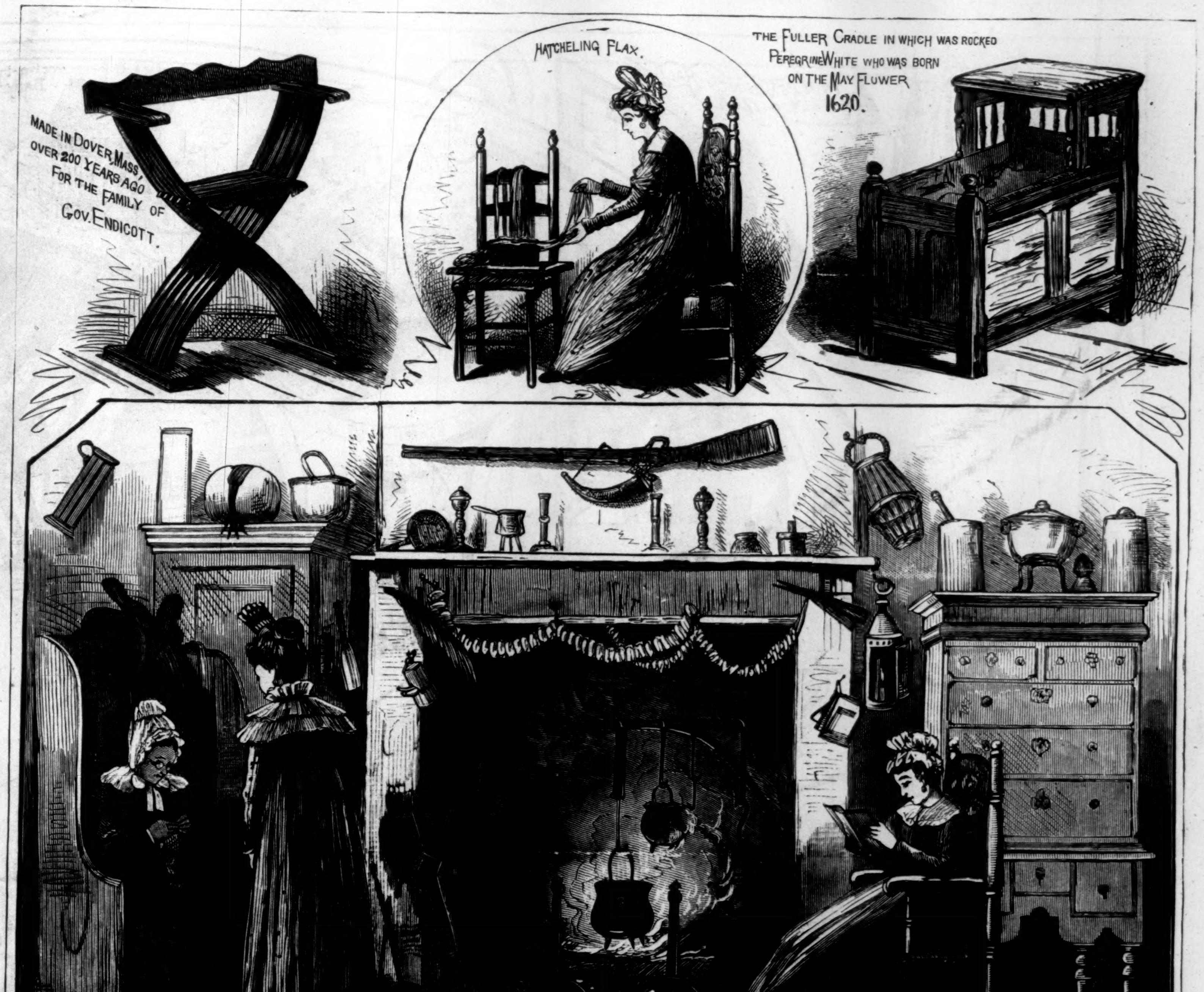

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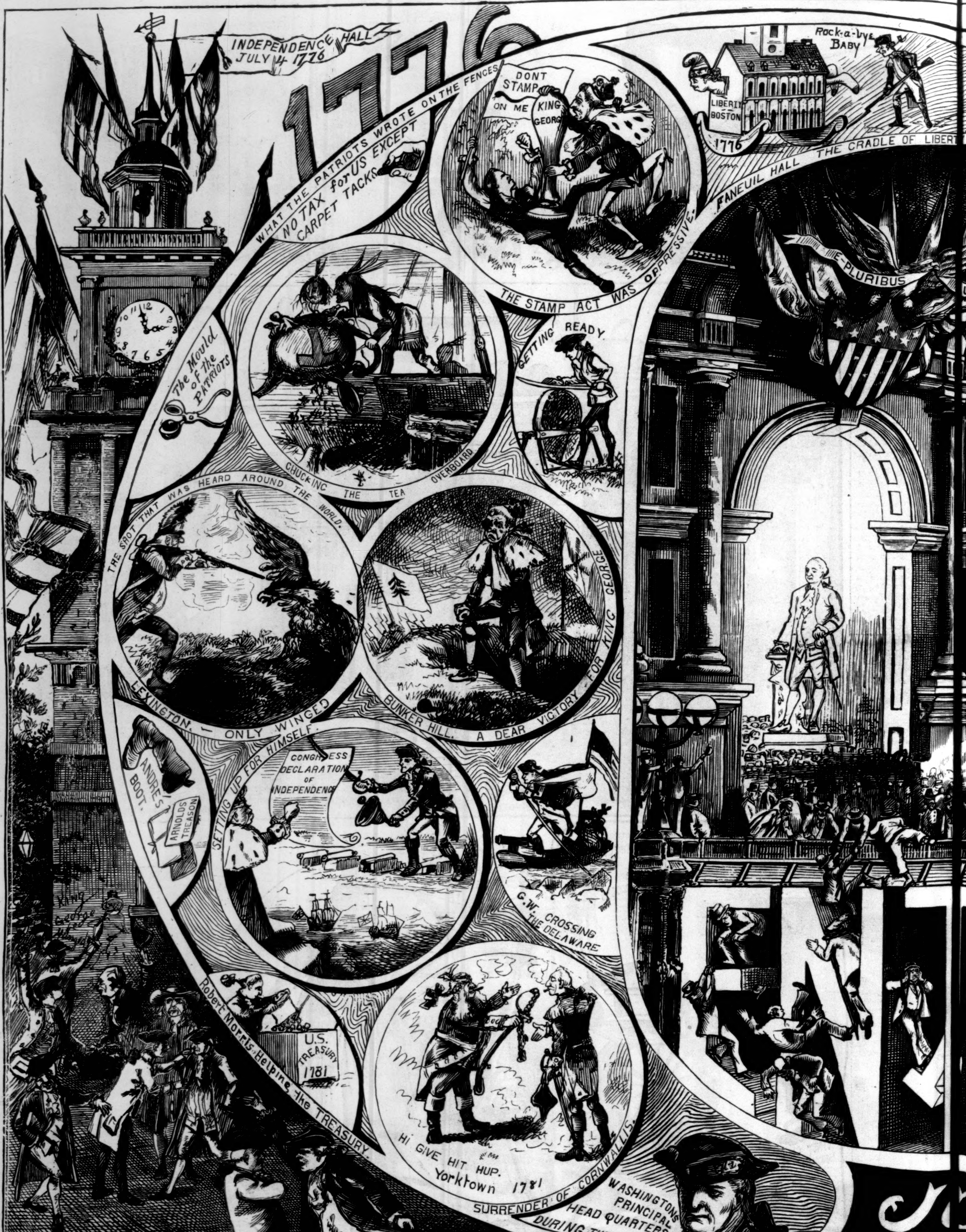

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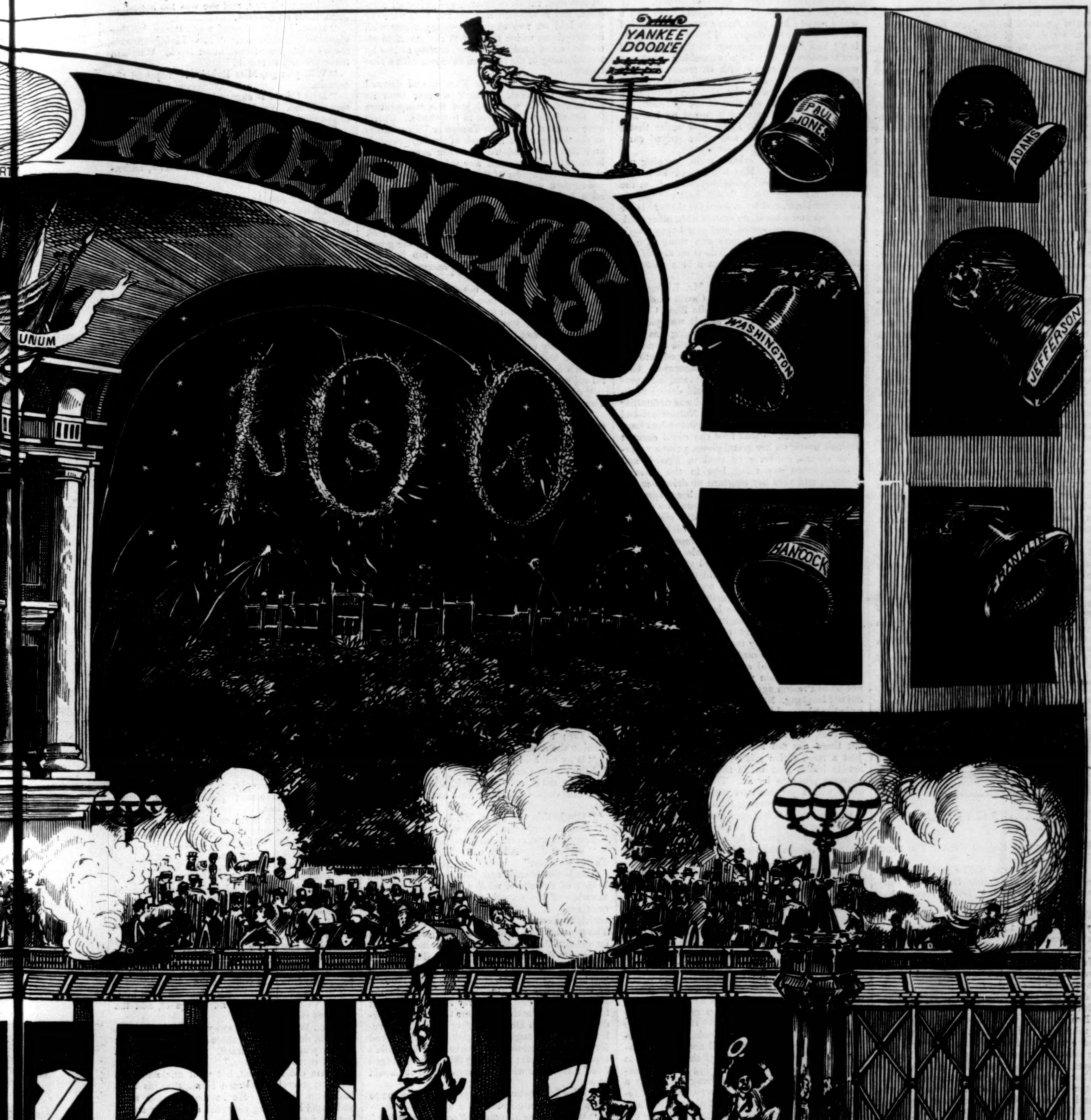

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